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SHAFFER'S
PILGRIM SONGSTER,


BEING

A COLLECTION OF
SELECT SPIRITUAL SONGS;

**Embracing many adapted to Camp Meeting,
and Revival occasions; as well as others
designed to refresh the souls of
Christians in Social Meetings,
and in their solitary hours.**

BY REV. STEPHEN D. SHAFFER.

"Stand ye in the ways, and see and ask for the old paths,
where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find
rest for your souls."—JER. VI. 16th.



ZANESVILLE, O.:

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PREFACE.

Choice collections of Spiritual Songs are, at all times, convenient to worshipping assemblies, as well as to christians who would refresh their souls by the melodies of music, as they pursue their daily avocations, or rest from their labors. The songs of the early days of Methodism, ere the innovations of a false refinement had wrought their changes, were peculiarly adapted to awaken the soul to devotion, and by their straight forward plainness, to cherish the true spirit of christianity. Who is there, that does not remember the favorite strains of other days, and wish to hear again the songs that once made his soul glad? Amongst the most popular collections of spiritual songs formerly in use was *Hinde's Pilgrim Songster*, but this has been long out of print, and could not be obtained. To supply the public with many of the best to be found in that collection, as well as other devotional gems, the compiler has been induced to make the following collection; hoping it may tend to bring back the taste and spirit of Methodism to its early purity and zeal; and that while *speaking in Psalms and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, and making melody in our hearts*, we may enjoy the blessing of the Lord of Zion.

If, in some of these, the language is not so smooth, nor the measure so polished, as the skilled in scientific acquirement would have them, I trust my chris-

tian friends will bear in mind that the language is such as speaks the gushing feelings of the soul, and is adapted to strains that may awaken the sinner, comfort the mourner, and lift the soul of the christian to communion with his God.

That his fellow christians of every class and denomination, may be benefitted, and the glory of the Saviour's kingdom be promoted, is the sincere prayer of their fellow laborer in the cause of Christ.

STEPHEN D. SHAFFER..

ZANESVILLE, April 1st, 1848.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

SONG 1.

The Agonies and Sufferings of Christ.

1. THE Son of man they did betray;
He was condemned and led away:
Think, O! my soul on that dread day,
 Look on Mount Calvary.
Behold him lamb-like led along,
Surrounded by a wicked throng,
Accus'd by each lying tongue,
And thus the Lamb of God was hung
 Upon the shameful tree.
2. Thus the glorious sufferer stood,
With hands and feet nail'd to the wood;
From ev'ry wound a stream of blood,
 Came trickling down amain.
His bitter groans all nature shook,
And at his voice the rocks were broke
And sleeping saints their graves forsook,
While spiteful Jews around Him mock,
 And laughed at his pain.
3. Now hung between the earth and skies,
Behold him trembling as he dies;
O! sinners, hear his mournful cries,
Behold his tort'ring pain.

The morning sun withdrew his light,
 Blush'd and refus'd to view the sight ;
 The azure cloth'd in robes of night,
 All nature mourn'd and stood affright,
 When Christ the Lord was slain.

4. Ye men and angels hear the Son,
 He cries for help, but Oh ! there's none ;
 He treads the wine-press all alone,
 His garments stain'd with blood.
 In lamentation hear him cry,
 Eloi lama sabachthani.
 Tho' death may close his languid eye,
 He soon will mount the upper sky,
 The conqu'ring Son of God.

5. But Jews and Romans in a band,
 With hearts of steel around him stand,
 If you have come to save the land,
 Then try yourself to free.
 A soldier pierc'd him when he died,
 And healing streams came from his side ;
 And thus my Lord was crucified,
 Stern justice now is satisfied,
 Sinners, for you and me.

6. Behold him mount the throne of state,
 And fill the mediatorial seat,
 And millions bowing at his feet,
 And loud hosannas tell :
 Tho' he endur'd exquisite pains,
 He led the monster death in chains ;
 Ye seraphs raise your loudest strains,
 With music fill bright Eden's plains ;
 He's conquer'd death and hell.

7. 'Tis done, the dreadful debt is paid,
 The great atonement now is made;
 Sinners, on me your guilt is laid,
 For you I spilt my blood:
 For you my tender soul did move,
 For you I left my courts above;
 That you the length and breadth might prove,
 The depth and height of perfect love,
 In Christ your smiling God.
8. All glory be to God on high,
 Who reigns enthroned above the sky,
 Who sent his son to bleed and die,
 Glory to him be given:
 While Heaven above his praise resounds,
 Zion sing, his grace abounds,
 I hope to shout eternal rounds,
 In flaming love that knows no bounds,
 When swallow'd up in Heaven.
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SONG 2.

Alarm.

1. STOP, poor sinner! stop and think,
 Before you farther go!
 Will you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting wo?
 Once again, I charge you stop!
 For, unless you warning take,
 Ere you are aware, you drop
 Into the burning lake!
2. Say, have you an arm like God,
 That you his will oppose?
 Fear you not that iron rod,
 With which he breaks his foes?

Can you stand in that dread day,
 When he judgment shall proclaim,
 And the earth shall melt away
 Like wax before the flame?

3. Pale-fac'd death will quickly come,
 To drag you to his bar ;
 Then to hear your awful doom
 Will fill you with despair.
 All your sins will round you crowd,
 Sins of a blood crimson dye ;
 Each for vengeance crying loud,
 And what can you reply ?
4. Though your heart be made of steel,
 Your forehead lined with brass,
 God at length will make you feel ;
 He will not let you pass :
 Sinners then in vain will call,
 (Though they now despise his grace,)
 Rocks and mountains on us fall,
 And hide us from his face.
5. But as yet there is a hope
 You may his mercy know ;
 Though his arm is lifted up,
 He still forbears the blow :
 'Twas for sinners Jesus died ;
 Sinners he invites to come ;
 None who come shall be denied,
 He says, "There still is room."

SONG 3.

1. WHEN for eternal worlds we steer,
 And seas are calm and skies are clear,
 And faith in lively exercise,

Sees distant hills of Canaan rise ;
 The soul for joy then claps her wings,
 And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
 Vain world, adieu.

2. With cheerful hope, her eyes explore
 Each land-mark on the distant shore,
 The trees of life, the pastures green,
 The golden streets, the crystal stream ;
 Again for joy she claps her wings,
 And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
 I'm going home.

3. The nearer still she draws to land,
 More eager all her powers expand,
 With steady helm, and free bent sail,
 Her anchor drops within the vail,—
 And now for joy she folds her wings,
 And her celestial sonnet sings,
 I'm safe at home.

4. Now safely moor'd, no storm I fear,
 My God, my Christ, my heav'n is here,
 And all the joys of Paradise
 In holiness and beauty rise,—
 'Tis now the soul, with folded wing,
 Her thrilling notes of joy shall sing,
 Glory to God.

SONG 4.

1. LORD, my ransom'd soul adores thee,
 Thou my joy and portion art :
 Day and night I plead before thee—
 Answer Lord—thy grace impart,
 Send thy spirit,
 Pierce the stubborn sinner's heart.

2. Ah! dear Lord, they're bound for ruin,
Hastening down to endless woe:
While their danger we are viewing,
Streams of briny sorrow flow.
Lord, alarm them,
Or to ruin they must go!
3. See, dear Lord, our near connexions,
Dear companions all around,
Brothers, sisters, children, parents,
Down to desperation bound.
Jesus, save them;
Let the lost again be found.
4. Prayers and tears, alas! we've vented;
Shall we weep and pray in vain?
Yet, alas! they seem contented!
Naught but scoffs and frowns we gain:
Jesus, save them;
Save them, Lord from endless pain.
5. Death, it may be, now is near them;
Soon they'll feel his cold embrace:
Gracious Heaven! shall we hear them
Mourn thy long rejected grace?
Lord, constrain them
Now to seek a Saviour's face.
6. Lord, we view the separation
At thy great, tremendous bar:
Mourning, weeping, lamentation,
Must be their employment there.
Must we see them
Stand their awful doom to hear?
7. Must we there be separated,
Never, never more to meet?
Mournful scene, long contemplated!

Lord, and is there mercy yet?
 Lay them prostrate,
 Precious Jesus, at thy feet.

8. Lord, display thy matchless power,
 Pierce their stubborn hearts of stone;
 Make them dread that awful hour—
 Bow them, Lord, before thy throne.
 Save them, Jesus;
 Save them, save them for thine own!
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SONG 5.

The following is the substance of a conversation between two professors as they met, one going to, the other returning from Camp Meeting, early in the morning.

1. GOOD morning, brother pilgrim;
 What, marching to Zion?
 What doubts and what dangers have you met to-day?
 Have you found a blessing?
 Are your joys increasing?
 Press forward, my brother, and make no delay.
 Is your heart glowing?
 Are your comforts flowing?
 And have you an evidence now bright and clear?
 Have you a desire
 That burns like a fire?
 And have hope in the hour when Christ shall appear?
2. "I have come out this morning,
 And now am returning,
 Perhaps little better than when I first came;
 Such groaning and shouting,
 It sets me to doubting,
 I fear such religion is all like a dream.

The preachers were stamping,
 The people were jumping,
 And screaming so loud that I neither could hear
 Either praying or preaching;
 Such horrible screeching,
 'Twas truly offensive to all that were there."

3. Perhaps my dear brother,
 While they pray'd together,
 You sat and considered and prayed not at all;
 Would you find a blessing,
 Then pray without ceasing,
 Obey the advice which was given by Paul,
 For if you should reason,
 At any such season,
 No wonder if satan should tell in your ear,
 The preachers and people
 Are all but a rabble,
 And this is no place for reflection and prayer.

"No place for reflection !
 I'm fill'd with distraction,
 I wonder the people could bear there to stay,
 The men there were bawling,
 The women were squalling,
 I wonder, for my part, how any could pray ;
 Such horrid confusion,
 If this be religion
 Sure it is something new that has never been seen ;
 For the sacred pages
 That speak of all ages,
 Do nowhere declare that such ever has been."

5. Don't be so soon shaken,
 If I'm not mistaken,
 Such things have been acted by christians of old ;
 When the great ark was coming,
 King David came running,
 And *danced* before it, in scripture we're told.

When the Jewish nation,
 Had laid the foundation,
 And rebuilt the temple by Ezra's command,
 Some wept; and some praised,
 Such a noise there was raised,
 'Twas heard afar off, perhaps all through the land.

6. And as for the preacher,
 Ezekiel the teacher,
 Was taught there to stamp, and smite with his hand,
 To show the transgression
 Of that wicked nation,
 And bid them repent and obey the command,
 For scripture quotation
 In this dispensation,
 Our gracious Redeemer has handed them down,
 If some ceased from praising;
 We hear him proclaiming,
 The stones to reprove them would quickly cry out.

7. "Then scripture is wrested,
 For Paul has protested,
 That order should be kept in the house of the Lord;
 Amidst such a clatter,
 Who knows what's the matter?
 Or who can attend unto what is declar'd?
 To see them behaving
 Like drunkards, or raving,
 And lying and rolling prostrate on the ground;
 I really felt awful,
 And sometimes was fearful
 That I'd be the next to come tumbling down."

8. You say you felt awful,
 You ought to be careful
 Lest you grieve the Spirit and make him depart,
 For by your expressions,
 You felt some impressions,
 The sweet melting shower has tendered your heart.

You fear persecution,
 And there's the delusion
 Brought in by the devil, has turn'd you away ;
 Be careful, my brother,
 For blest are none other,
 Than persons that are not offended in me.

9. When Peter was preaching,
 And was boldly teaching,
 The way of salvation in Jesus' name,
 The Spirit descended,
 And some were offended,
 And said of the men, *they are filled with new wine :*
 I never yet doubted
 But some of them shouted,
 While others lay prostrate, by power struck down :
 Some weeping, some praising,
 While others were saying, [abound.
They are drunkards and fools, and in falsehood

10. Our moments are flying,
 Our time is expiring,
 We're called to improve it, and quickly prepare
 For that awful hour,
 When Jesus in power,
 Will come into judgment, all states to declare :
 Methinks there'll be shouting,
 And I am not doubting,
 But crying and screaming for mercy in vain ;
 Therefore my dear brother,
 Let's now pray together,
 That your precious soul may be filled with the flame ;

11. "Sure praying is needful,
 I really feel awful,
 I fear that my time of repentance is past :
 But I'll look to my Saviour,
 His mercy's forever ;
 These storms of temptation will not always last ;

I'll look for his blessing,
 And pray without ceasing !
 His mercy is sure unto all that believe ;
 My heart is now glowing,
 I feel his love flowing,
 Peace, comfort, and pardon I now do receive."

SONG 6.

1. I have sought round the verdant earth, for un-
 fading joy,
 I have tried every source of mirth, but all, all
 will cloy ;
 Lord bestow on me grace to set my spirit free,
 Thine, thine the praise shall be,—mine, mine,
 the joy.
2. I have wander'd in mazes dark, of doubt and
 distress,
 I have had not a kindling spark my spirit to
 bless,
 Cheerless unbelief, fill'd my laboring soul with
 grief ;
 What, what shall give relief? What shall give
 peace?
3. I then turned to thy gospel, Lord, from folly
 away,
 I then trusted thy holy word, that taught me
 to pray,
 Here I found release, weary spirit here found
 rest,
 Hope, hope of endless bliss, eternal day.
4. I will praise now my heavenly King, I'll praise
 and adore,

The heart's richest tribute bring to thee, God
 of power ;
 And in heaven above, sav'd by thy redeeming
 love,
 Loud, loud the strain shall move, for evermore.

SONG 7.

1. WHILE nature was sinking in stillness to rest,
 The last beams of daylight shown dim in the
 west,
 O'er fields by pale moonlight in lonely retreat,
 In deep meditation I wandered my feet.
2. While passing a garden, I paused to hear,
 A voice faint and plaintive from one that was
 there,
 The voice of the sufferer effected my heart,
 While pleading in anguish the poor sinner's
 part.
3. I listened a moment, and then turn'd to see
 What man of compassion this stranger might be !
 I saw him low kneeling upon the cold ground,
 And felt that his anguish of soul was profound.
4. So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his pray-
 ers,
 That down on his bosom rolled sweat, blood
 and tears !
 I wept to behold him !—I asked him his name,
 He answered,—'Tis Jesus ! from Heaven I
 came.
5. "I am thy Redeemer,—for thee I must die ;
 The cup is most bitter, but cannot pass by ;
 Thy sins like a mountain are laid upon me,
 And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee,"

6. How sweet was that moment he made me re-
 joice.
 His smile, O how pleasant, how cheering his
 voice ;
 I flew from the garden to spread it abroad,
 I shouted salvation, and glory to God.
7. I'm now on my journey to mansions above,
 My soul's full of glory, of light, peace and
 love ;
 I think of the garden, the prayers and the
 tears,
 Of that loving stranger, who banished my fears.
8. The day of bright glory is rolling around,
 When Gabriel, descending, the trumpet shall
 sound ;
 My soul then in rapture and glory shall rise,
 To gaze on the stranger with unclouded eyes.

SONG 8.

The Union.

1. COME, saints and sinners, hear me tell,
 The wonders of Emanuel,
 Who sav'd me from a burning Hell,
 And brought my soul with him to dwell,
 And gave me Heavenly Union.
2. When Jesus saw me from on high,
 Behold my soul in ruin lie ;
 He looked on me with pitying eye,
 And said to me as he passed by
 With God you have no Union.

3. Then I began to weep and cry ;
I looked this way and that to fly ;
It grieved me sore that I must die ;
I strove salvation then to buy :
But still I had no Union,
4. But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he washed me clean,
And O ! what seasons I have seen,
Since first I felt this Union.
5. I praised the Lord both night and day,
And went from house to house to pray ;
And if I met one on the way,
I something always found to say,
About this Heavenly Union.
6. I wonder why the saints don't sing,
And praise the Lord upon the wing,
And make the Heavenly arches ring,
With loud hosannas to their king,
Who brought their souls to Union,
7. O ! come backsliders, come away,
And mind to do, as well as say ;
Come, learn to watch as well as pray,
And bear your cross from day to day,
And then you'll feel this Union.
8. We soon shall leave all things below,
And quit this clime of pain and wo,
And then we'll all to glory go,
Where we shall see, and hear and know,
And feel a perfect Union.
9. Come, Heaven and Earth, unite your lays,
And give to Jesus endless praise,

And O ! my soul with wonder gaze,
He bleeds, he dies, your debt he pays,
To give you Heavenly Union.

10. O ! that I could like Gabriel sound,
Salvation through the Earth around,
The Devil's kingdom to confound,
I'd triumph on Emanuel's ground,
And spread this glorious Union.¹

SONG 9.

1. HAIL the day so long expected,
Hail the year of full release ;
Zion's walls are now erected,
And the watchmen publish peace.
From the distant courts of Zion,
Hear the trumpet loudly roar,
CHORUS—*Babylon is fallen, is fallen,
Babylon is fallen to rise no more.*
2. Hear the people sadly crying,
While their city disappears ;
Trade and traffic all are dying ;
Every eye is bathed in tears :
Merchants raise their lamentation,
Crying from a distant shore.
Chorus.
3. Where is now her former glory ?
Where is now her pride and show ?
One brief day relates the story
Of her final overthrow :
Raise your wailings, kings and nobles,
Priests and people, rich and poor.
Chorus.

4. Shout, ye saints in exultation,
Now your enemies are slain :
Raise the anthem of salvation ;
Sing the grand millennial reign :
Let the universal chorus
Be repeated o'er and o'er.

Chorus.

5. Hark the sound of many voices,
Issuing from the crystal skies ;—
Heaven's unnumbered host rejoices,
Swelling hallelujahs rise :
Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
God's Almighty power adore !

Chorus.

6. Glory, honor, and salvation,
Cry th' enraptured throngs again,
While each Elder from his station,
Shouts the long and loud amen :
Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
Sounding still like thunder's roar.

Chorus.

SONG 10.

1. WHILE angels strike their tuneful strings,
And veil their faces with their wings,
Each saint on earth sweet Jesus sings,
And joins to praise the King of kings,
Who saves lost souls from ruin.
2. But sinners fond of earthly toys,
Mock and deride when saints rejoice ;
They shut their ears at Jesus' voice,
And make the world and sin their choice,
And force their way to ruin.

3. The preachers warn them night and day ;
For them the Christians weep and pray ;
But sinners laugh and turn away,
And join the wicked, lewd and gay,
Who throng the road to ruin.
4. Oft times in visions of the night,
God doth their guilty souls affright,
They tremble at the awful sight ;
But still again with morning light,
Pursue the road to ruin.
5. Sometimes by preaching sinners see,
They're doomed to Hell and misery ;
To turn to God they then agree,
But O ! 'tis wicked company,
Entice their souls to ruin.
6. Oft times when nothing else will do,
Affliction will their danger show,
And bring the haughty sinners low ;
Then they'll repent, and pray and vow,
But turn again to ruin.
7. When every way is tried in vain,
No more the spirit strives with man ;
But full of guilt and fear and pain,
Death strikes the blow, the sinner's slain,
And sinks to endless ruin.
8. O ! sinners turn, long time you've stood,
Opposed to truth and all that's good :
You may be saved through Jesus' blood ;
Lay down your arms, submit to God,
And thus be saved from ruin.
9. Turn sinners, neighbors, friend or foe,
The terrors of the Lord we know :
O ! tell us friends what will you do ?
We cannot bear to let you go
To everlasting ruin.

SONG 11.

1. ONE day as I was walking along a lonesome
road,
My Saviour came unto me, and filled my heart
with love ;
He chose me for his watchman, to blow the
trumpet loud—
To cheer the weak believer, and to invite the
proud.
2. The cross appeared heavy—I then was in my
youth ;
O, how shall I be able to speak the words of
truth ?
But Christ said “ I’ll go with you and you may
fear no ill ;
Go blow the gospel trumpet, and do your mas-
ter’s will.”
3. I said unto my Saviour, “ my talents are but
small,
Perhaps they will not hear me, if on them I do
call ! ”
“ But if they will not hear you, with you it
shall go well ;
Go blow the gospel trumpet, while they go
down to hell ! ”
4. These precious words of Jesus, caused me to
mourn and weep—
My conscience spoke of Jonah, as he lay in
the deep ;
I took the cross upon me, I then began to blow ;
I’ll blow the gospel trumpet, I’ll blow where’er
I go !
5. Come all ye blood-bought purchase, on you I
call to day,
Fall at the feet of Jesus and there begin to pray ;

Sinners, if you refuse Him, I'll bid you all
farewell,
And blow the gospel trumpet, while you go
down to hell.

6. Behold the blood of Jesus, shed on Mount Calvary !
Look up, by faith, and view Him and He will
set you free ;
But if you do refuse Him, and disobey your
Lord,
I'll blow the gospel trumpet and clear me of
your blood.

SONG 12.

1. O ! COME, my heart and let us talk,
An evening's walk delighteth thee,
And whither do you choose, we shall take our
course,
To Calvary, or Gethsemane ?
2. Ah ! Calvary is a mountain high,
And quite too great a task for thee ;
And an evening's repose, I would far rather
choose
Than visit dear Gethsemane.
3. The mountain would not seem so high,
Nor yet so great a task for thee,
If you but loved the man who first laid the
plan
Of climbing the mountain Calvary.
4. What ! leave my companions all behind,
In youthful bloom to go with thee ;

There's time enough yet, and the journey's not
 so great,
 I can soon climb the mountain Calvary.

5. Your gay companions will not do :
 Poor blinded heart could you but see,
 That if ever you do stand, on Canaan's happy
 land,
 You must climb up the mountain Calvary.
6. It is a melancholy road,
 Both dark and lonely unto me ;
 And I have heard them say, there are lions in
 the way,
 And they lurk in the mountain Calvary.
7. There is a road, a plain, beaten road,
 Poor blinded heart, could you but see ;
 And you shall have a guard, yea the angels of
 God,
 Shall travel with you to Calvary.
8. I'd rather have peace, and live at my ease ;
 There is no pleasure there for me ;
 When youthful days are gone, and old age
 comes on,
 I will travel with you to Calvary.
9. There is no better time than now ;
 I travel with ease as you may see ;
 For when youthful days are gone, and old age
 comes on,
 Can you climb the mountain Calvary ?
10. O ! hark, I hear a doleful sound ;
 Awake, awake, your danger see ;
 A blooming youth is gone, and is laid in the
 tomb,
 Who refused to climb up Calvary.

11. O! conscience, do not urge so hard,
No peace can I enjoy for thee;
Now it is more than you do know, whether
this youth did go,
To happiness or misery.
12. Alas! I know not what to do,
A dread alarm hath seized me;
In sin I've gone on, I'm afraid I'm undone,
O! help me to climb up Calvary.
13. O! tarry not in all the plains,
Eternal vengeance threatens thee;
But look upon the Lamb, who was slain for
your sins,
He will help you to climb up Calvary.

SONG 13.

1. COME brethren, ye that love the Lord, and
listen to my story,
Believe it is a true record, I saw it plain before
me;
For many years I lived in sin, and went on in
rebellion,
But my danger often seen, the truth to you
I'm telling.
2. It was at an early age in years, the Lord did
invite me,
My soul was filled with many fears, but Satan
did delight me;
He told me that I was too young to leave my
worldly pleasure,
That I might live till I was old, and serve God
at my leisure.
3. Thus I obeyed the serpent's voice, and sinned
with all my power;
To do his will was my choice, although a
dreadful tour.

The more I sinned against the Lord, the more
it still inclined me,
To trample on a preached word, and cast it all
behind me.

4. The devil then began afresh, and tempted me
still stronger ;
My soul was led by filthy flesh—I served him
sometime longer.
At length the spirit came one day, and smote
with might and power,
Which caused me to forsake my way and
tremble every hour.

5. I then began to look about to see what I'd
been doing :
I saw that I was working out my own eternal
ruin—
I then began to cry aloud, saying Lord Jesus
save me,
If mercy Thou canst me afford, and to thy
glory raise me.

6. My soul was filled with awfulness, my heart
was filled with sorrow.
To think I'd sinned so many years, and would
not Jesus follow.
I then again did cry aloud, I plainly saw my
danger,
That I was going with the crowd, that was to
God a stranger.

7. I then began to seek the Lord, and cry to Him
for favor ;
But Satan then my soul disturbed, saying you
have no Saviour.

Your day of grace you've sinned away, too
 late for your repentance,
 He will not hear you when you pray, for you
 there's no relentance.

8. I then began to read and pray, saying Lord
 Jesus teach me,
 If my day of grace I've sinned away what
 makes me want to seek Thee?
 My soul was filled with tenderness—the devil
 is a liar;
 I felt in me a little breeze, it kindled like a fire,

9. I then began to watch and pray, and pleading
 for the blessing,
 I could not rest by night nor day, my pain was
 so distressing;
 My companions, I forsook them all—to me
 they were no pleasure;
 When passing by they'd often call and grieve
 me out of measure.

10. The devil raised his army strong, and sorely
 did pursue me—
 Before I had my armor on, he'd liked to have
 o'erthrown me;
 Saying, you are out of your head, for you are
 deserting;
 I told him that I was not mad, but from my
 sins was parting.

11. I then again did cry aloud, saying Lord Jesus
 keep me,
 And keep me safe from Satan's crowd, for
 sorely do they tempt me,
 For he has raised the hosts of hell, my poor
 soul to devour;
 They say that I shall ne'er do well—I trust
 Lord, in thy power.

12. When Jesus heard the rebel call, he showed
his kind compassion,
Down at his feet my soul did fall, while plead-
ing for salvation ;
My soul was filled with inward joy, my heart
was filled with praises,
And Abba Father did I cry, and glory to my
Jesus,
13. Glory, to God, for I have found the pearl of
my salvation,
I'm marching through Emanuel's ground, up to
my heavenly station.
Now I'm resolved to serve the Lord, and nev-
er to forsake him,
But always walk the narrow road till I do
overtake him.
14. For Christ says, fear not, little flock—heirs of
immortal glory,
You are established on the rock, the kingdom
lies before you ;
Press on, press on, ye heirs of grace, and tell
the pleasing story,
I'm with my little flock always—I lead them
on to glory.

SONG 14.

1. AWAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
And knew not where to go :
O'erwhelmed with guilt, with anguish slain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink in endless wo.

2. Amazed, I stood and could not tell,
Which way to shun the gates of Hell,
 (For Death and Hell drew near;)
I strove indeed, but strove in vain :
The sinner must be born again,
 Still sounded in my ear.

3. When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head,
 I no relief could find ;
This truth renewing all my pain,
The sinner must be born again,
 O'erwhelmed my tortured mind.

4. Again did Sinai's thunder roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
 A vast and ponderous load !
Alas ! I read and saw it plain,
The sinner must be born again,
 Or drink the wrath of God.

5. Though oft I heard the preachers tell,
How Jesus conquered death and Hell,
 And broke the fowler's snare ;
Yet still I found this truth remain,
The sinner must be born again,
 Or sink in deep despair.

6. But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Nazareth passed that way,
 And felt his pity move :
Although I might be justly slain,
He spoke and I was born again,
 And sung redeeming love.

7. To Heaven the joyful tidings flew ;
The angels tuned their harps anew,
 And loftier notes did raise ;

All hail ! the lamb that once was slain,
 For millions that are born again,
 We'll shout an endless praise.

SONG 15.

1. IN evil long I took delight,
 Unawed by shame or fear,
 Till a new object struck my sight,
 And stopped my wild career.
2. I saw one hanging on a tree,
 In agonies and blood,
 Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
 As near his cross I stood,
3. Sure never till my latest breath
 Can I forget that look :
 It seemed to charge me with his death,
 Though not a word he spoke,
4. My conscience felt, and owned the guilt,
 And plunged me in despair :
 I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
 And helped to nail him there,
5. Alas ! I knew not what I did ;
 But now my tears are vain :
 Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?
 For I the Lord have slain.
6. A second look he gave, which said,
 " I freely all forgive :
 This blood is for thy ransom paid ;
 I die, that thou may'st live."

7. Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
(Such is the mystery of grace)
It seals my pardon too.
 8. With pleasing grief and mournful joy
My spirit now is filled,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I killed.
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SONG 16.

1. SINNER, art thou still secure ?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray ?
Can thy heart or hands endure
In the Lord's avenging day ?
See, his mighty arm is bared !
Awful terrors clothe his brow !
For his judgment stand prepared ;
Thou must either break or bow.
2. At his presence nature shakes,
Earth affrighted hastes to flee,
Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee ?
Who his advent may abide ?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide
When the world is wrapped in flame ?
3. Then the rich, the great, the wise,
Trembling, guilty, self-condemned,
Must behold the wrathful eyes
Of the Judge they once blasphemed :

Where are now their haughty looks ?
 O! their horror and despair !
 When they see the opened books;
 And their dreadful sentence hear !

4. Lord prepare us by thy grace !
 Soon we must resign our breath ;
 And our souls be called to pass
 Through the iron gate of death :
 Let us now our days improve,
 Listen to the gospel voice,
 Seek the things that are above,
 Scorn the world's pretended joys.

5. O! when flesh and heart shall fail,
 Let thy love our spirits cheer ;
 Strengthened thus we shall prevail
 Over Satan, sin and fear :
 Trusting in thy precious name,
 May we thus our journey end ;
 Then our foes shall lose their aim,
 And the Judge will be our friend.

SONG 17.

1. WHAT voice is this, is this sounds from the
 skies ?

Tell me now, tell me now :
 Which saith to all, to all it saith arise ;
 Tell me now, tell me now ;
 The day of mercy now is come,
 And Jesus calls poor sinners home,
 And in his mercy there is room.
 Now believe, now believe.

2. What's this I feel, I feel within my breast?

Tell me now, tell me now:

That will not let, not let me take my rest;

Tell me now, tell me now:

'Tis Jesus Christ your dying Lord,

Calls by his spirit and his word;

A better time he'll ne'er afford:

Now believe, now believe.

3. See there he hangs, he hangs upon the tree;

Look at him, look at him:

What love revealed, revealed for you and me;

Look at him, look at him:

For you he died upon the cross,

And every sinner that was lost;

Our life his precious blood hath cost:

Now believe, now believe.

4. And hath my Lord, my Lord and Saviour died?

Tell me now, tell me now:

And may I now, I now be justified?

Tell me now, tell me now:

See there his arms extended wide,

And pardon flowing from his side,

Believe and thou art justified:

Now believe, now believe.

5. I do believe, believe and feel him near:

I can praise, I can praise:

My doubts are gone, are gone I have no fear:

I can praise, I can praise:

What rapturous joy within my breast,

Since by my Jesus I am blest,

Come all the world he'll give you rest:

I believe, I believe.

6. O that my Lord, my Lord would count me meet

And I'll praise, and I'll praise:

To wash his dear, his dear disciples' feet ;
 And I'll praise, and I'll praise.
 I'll praise His name above the sky,
 And when my soul is lodged on high,
 Throughout a vast eternity,
 Sound his praise, sound his praise.

SONG 18.

1. SEE how the scriptures are fulfilling !
 Poor sinners are returning home ;
 The time that prophets were foretelling,
 With signs and wonders now has come.
 The gospel trumpets now are roaring,
 From sea to sea, from land to land ;
 God's holy spirit down is pouring,
 And christian's joining heart and hand.
2. Ten thousands fall before Jehovah :
 For mercy, mercy loud they cry ;
 They raise a shouting hallelujah,
 All glory be to God on high.
 But many cry, 'tis all disorder,
 And disbelieve God's holy word ;
 This makes them cry and shout the louder,
 All glory, glory to the Lord.
3. O! sinners hear our invitation ;
 You are but feeble dying worms :
 O! fly to Jesus for salvation,
 Or you will meet God's awful storms.
 We charge you all in name of Jesus,
 The awful Judge of quick and dead ;
 But if you should refuse to hear us,
 Your blood shall be upon your head.

4. Now God is calling ev'ry nation,
 The bond and free, the rich and poor ;
 These are the days of visitation ;
 Sweet gospel grace will soon be o'er.
 The Lord shall come, all clothed in thunder,
 And light'ning streaming from his eyes ;
 O ! then he'll cut his foes asunder,
 And lay them where the damned lies.

5. The sun affrighted from his centre,
 Envelop'd in a western cloud ;
 The stars to shine now dare not venture ;
 Pale Phœbus clothed in scarlet shroud.
 The sea and land together burning,
 The flames ascend the melting sky ;
 All nature now to naught returning,
 Hark ! hark ! the herald angels cry.

6. Rise, Zion, rise in brilliant glory,
 And march toward the judgment seat ;
 Now hearken to the pleasant story,
 When Jesus and his bride shall meet.
 With smiling looks of approbation,
 Invites her to his lovely arms ;
 And she is filled with transportation,
 Dissolved in his heavenly charms.

7. Their lovely spirits harmonizing,
 In all the sweets of perfect love ;
 Meanwhile a gloomy cloud arising,
 And seemed toward the bar to move.
 See millions of poor wretched creatures,
 Compelled by justice to appear ;
 Deep horror painted all their features,
 And colored them with black despair.

8. Hideous cries and lamentations,
 But no relief can there be found ;

The Judge pronounces condemnation,
 And seven thunders echo round.
 Down to the lake of burning fire,
 And never more my face to see ;
 You're bound to bear my dreadful ire,
 And blow the flames eternally.

9. Now devils drag them down the centre,
 Into the gulph of burning wo ;
 Poor wretches ! how they dread to enter,
 But forced by vengeance, down they go.
 Now they are paid for persecuting
 And opposing the work of God ;
 For all the time they spent disputing,
 And trampling on a Saviour's blood.

10. O ! Christians double your diligence ;
 With courage march the heavenly road ;
 Remember this, that double vengeance,
 Will fall on those that turn from God.
 Your children all must be converted,
 Or they can never rest with you ;
 God's word cannot be controverted ;
 God bless you all—Amen—Adieu.

SONG 19.

1. LOW down in that beautiful valley,
 Where love crowns the meek and the lowly ;
 Where no storms of envy or folly,
 Can find out this region of love.
2. The low soul in humble subjection,
 Shall there find unshaken protection ;
 The soft gale of cheering reflection,
 The mind soothes from sorrow and pain.

3. This low vale is far from contention,
Where no soul can dream of dissention ;
Where no dark wiles of evil invention,
Can find out this region of love.
4. O, there, there, the Lord will deliver,
And souls drink of that beautiful river,
Which flows peace forever and ever,
And love and joy will ever increase.
5. O, there, there, in yonder bright glory,
We'll sing, and shout, and tell the glad story ;
When we have crossed bold Jordan quite over,
We'll shout hallelujah to God and the Lamb.
6. O, this is a cheering reflection,
We all shall rise in the first resurrection ;
And be in our Father's protection,
Forever and ever. Amen, Amen.

SONG 20.

1. COME all ye mourning pilgrims who feel your
need of Christ,
Exposed to sore temptations and by the world
despised :
Attend to what I tell you ; my exercise I'll
shew ;
And then you may inform me if it is thus with
you.
2. Long time I walked in darkness, nor knew my
dangerous state ;
And when I was awakened I feared it was too
late ;

A vile and helpless sinner myself I plainly saw,
Exposed to God's displeasure, condemned by
his law.

3. I thought the brute creation were better far
than me ;
I spent my days in anguish no comfort could I
see ;
Through deep distress and sorrow my Saviour
led me on,
And granted me his favour when hope was
almost gone.
4. When first I found deliverance I scarcely could
believe
That such a wretched sinner a pardon could
receive :
And though his solemn praises were flowing
from my tongue,
Yet fears were still injected that yet I might
wrong.
5. But soon my fears were banished and tears
began to flow,
To think one so unworthy should be beloved so;
I thought my sorrows over, and every trouble
gone ;
That love and peace and pleasure would be my
lot alone.
6. But soon I found a warfare which often
brought me low ;
The world, the flesh, and satan do since beset
me so :
Can one who is a Christian have such a heart
as mine ?
I fear I never yet felt the force of truth divine.

7. I often find I'm backward to do my master's
 will,
 Or else I want the glory if aught I do
 fulfil ;
 In duties I am weak, and, alas ! I often
 find
 A hard deceitful heart and a wretched wan-
 dering mind.

8. When I behold young converts how fast they
 travel on !
 How shining their example ; their witness like
 the sun !
 How bold they speak for Jesus ; how dear they
 love his name ;
 ' Though in them I delight, yet they fill my soul
 with shame.

9. Sure others do not feel what is often felt by
 me ;
 Such troubles and temptations perhaps they
 never see ;
 For once the chief of sinners, I freely own
 with Paul,
 That if I am a saint, sure I am the least of
 all.

10. And now I have related the trials I have
 seen ;
 Perhaps my brethren know what such sore
 temptations mean :
 I tell you of my conflicts, believe me, friends,
 'tis true ;
 And now, you may inform me, if it so with
 you.

SONG 21.

1. PRECIOUS soul, while Jesus calls thee,
 Rise and follow his command ;
 Rise and leave your sin and folly ;
 Flee to Christ, the sinner's friend.
 Hear his heralds loudly sounding
 Free salvation in His name—
 Pard'ning grace and love abounding,
 Through the merits of the Lamb,

2. See the vernal bloom appearing !
 Heavenly spring is drawing near ;
 Carnal souls the tidings hearing ;
 On them fruits of grace appear !
 Some who bold in persecution,
 Once despised a Saviour's blood,
 Now through grace obtain salvation—
 Love and praise a pardoning God,

3. Gentle breezes fan the garden ;
 Lo ! the spices sweetly flow ;
 Old professors almost hardened
 Precious fruits of grace do show,
 Every power is in exertion
 To extol the Saviour's name ;
 Almost like a new conversion,
 Love has set their hearts on flame,

4. Jarring, discord, disputation
 Hide their black detested face ;
 Love without dissimulation
 Marks the subjects of free grace.
 Now for forms no more contending,
 Love and peace alone we see ;
 Precious souls in Jesus blending,
 Join in love and sympathy.

5. Sinners through the camp are falling,
 Deep distress their souls pervade ;
 Wondering why they are not rolling
 In the dark infernal shade.
 Grace and mercy long neglected,
 Now they ardently implore ;
 In an hour when least expected
 Jesus bids them weep no more.
6. Hear them, then, their God extolling,
 Tell the wonders he has done !
 While they rise see others falling !
 Light into their hearts hath shone.
 Prayer, and praise and exhortation
 Blend in one perpetual sound :
 Music sweet beyond expression,
 To rejoicing saints around.
7. Some, alas, are still despising,
 Though professing Jesus' name :
 Envy in their hearts is rising,
 Fain they'd quench the holy flame.
 Give them, Lord, a full possession ;
 Give them, Lord, a lot of love !
 By a glorious new creation,
 Fit them for the realms above.
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SONG 22.

1. YE people who wonder at me and my ways,
 And with much astonishment at me do gaze ;
 Come lend me your attention, and I will relate
 My past exercises and my present state.

2. The people I follow I once did despise,
And often, like you, gazed on them with sur-
prise :
I gazed with a mixture of pride and disdain ;
But still from their meetings I could not refrain.
3. I often would jest at their cries and their groans,
Though sometimes in secret I'd tremble and
mourn :
Their singing and praising gave me much of-
fence :
I thought it delusion, or naught but pretence.
4. I often determined to hear them no more,
But still on occasions, would go as before ;
And though persecuting, I still would return—
Till the sparks of conviction began to burn,
5. The word clothed with power at last reached
my heart ;
(I sat under preaching and there felt the dart)
I strove to conceal it, but soon found it vain—
To pray, weep and tremble, it did me constrain,
6. I sunk down in sorrow, so deep my distress,
I lay for some hours, almost motionless ;
Till Jesus in mercy, his love did reveal :
A wonder, a wonder, O, how did I feel !
7. My burden of sorrow removed and gone,
My spirit was peaceful, my soul was serene ;
I stood up and praised him without dread or
fear ;
Nor did I regard though the world had been
there.
8. Though weak and despised, by faith now I
stand,
Preserved and supported by Heaven's kind hand:

In Christ thus supported I'll praise his dear
name,
Regardless of censure, of praise, or of blame.

9. My friends may despise me, or foes ridicule,
The saints of this world may esteem me a fool;
But all their attempts will be fruitless and vain,
For Jesus has bless'd me, and I'll praise his
name.
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SONG 23.

1. HARK, brethren, don't you hear the sound?
The martial trumpets now are blowing;
Men in orders listing round,
And soldiers to the standard flowing,
Bounty offered, joy and peace—
To every soldier this is given;
When from toils of war they cease,
A mansion bright prepared in Heaven.
2. Those who long in debt have laid,
And felt the hand of dire oppression,
All their debts are freely paid,
And they endowed with large possessions;
Those who're sick or blind or lame,
Their maladies are also healed;
Out-lawed rebels when they come,
Receive a pardon freely sealed.
3. The battle is not to the strong,
The burden's on our Captain's shoulder;
None so aged or so young,
But he may list and be a soldier.
Those who cannot fight or fly,
Beneath his banner find protection;

None who on his name rely,
Shall be reduced to base subjection.

4. You need not fear, the cause is good ;
Come, who will to the crown aspire ?
In this cause the martyrs bled,
Or shouted victory in the fire.
In this cause let's follow on,
And soon we'll tell the pleasing story,
How by faith we gained the crown,
And fought our way to life and glory.
5. The battle, brethren, is begun ;
Behold the army now in motion !
Some by faith, behold the crown,
And almost grasp their future portion.
Hark ! the victors singing loud,
Emanuel's chariot wheels are rumbling ;
Mourners weeping through the crowd,
And Satan's kingdom down is tumbling.
6. Hark ! ye rebels come and list,
The officers are now recruiting ;
Why will you in sin persist,
Or spend your time in vain disputing ?
All your cavil sure is vain,
For if you do not sue for favor,
Down you'll sink to endless pain,
To bear the wrath of God forever.

SONG 24.

1. JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee ;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shall be ;

Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
 Yet how rich is my condition,
 God and heaven are still my own.

2. Let the world despise and leave me—
 They have left my Saviour too;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me—
 Thou art not like them untrue;
 And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends disown me—
 Show thy face, and all is bright.

3. Go, then earthly fame and treasure,
 Come disaster, scorn, and pain;
 In thy service pain is pleasure,
 With thy favour loss is gain:
 I have called thee Abba Father,
 I have set my heart on thee;
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather—
 All must work for good to me.

4. Man may trouble and distress me,
 'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will give me sweeter rest:
 Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While thy love is left to me;
 And 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmixed with thee.

5. Soul then know thy full salvation—
 Rise o'er sin, and fear and care;
 Joy to find in every station,
 Something still to do or bear:
 Think what spirit dwells within thee—
 Think what Father's smiles are thine;

Think that Jesus, died to win thee ;
 Child of heaven ! canst thou repine ?

6. Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer—
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there :
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.
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SONG 25.

1. COME and taste along with me,
 The weary pilgrim's consolation ;
 Boundless mercy, full and free,
 The earnest of complete salvation.
 Joy and peace in Christ I find ;
 My heart to him is all resigned ;
 The fulness of his power I prove,
 And all my soul dissolves in love.
 Jesus is the pilgrim's portion—
 Love is boundless like the ocean.
2. When the world or flesh would rise,
 And strive to draw me from my Saviour ;
 Strangers slight, or friends despise,
 I then more highly prize his favor.
 Friends believe me when I tell,
 If Christ is present all is well ;
 The world and flesh in vain arise,
 I all their efforts can despise.
 In this world I've tribulation,
 But in Christ sweet consolation.

3. When I'm in the house of prayer,
 I find him in the congregation ;
 Music sweet unto my ear,
 Is the glad sound of free salvation.
 When I join to sing his praise,
 My heart in holy raptures raise,
 I view Emanuel's land afar,
 And shout and wish my spirit there ;
 Glory, honor, and salvation,
 What I feel is past expression.

4. Worldlings hold me in disdain,
 Because I shun their carnal pleasures ;
 All in this that gives me pain
 Is that they slight a nobler treasure :
 Still amongst them—bless the Lord !
 There are some who tremble at his word,
 And this great joy to me imparts,
 To think the Lord has reached their hearts ;
 O ! the grace to sinners given !
 Peace on earth and crowns in heaven.

5. When I hear the pleasing sound
 Of weeping mourners just converted,
 The dead's alive, the lost is found,
 The Lord has healed the broken hearted.
 My heart exults, my spirits glow,
 I love my God and brethren so,
 I join and shout and sing aloud,
 And disregard the gazing crowd ;
 Glorious theme of exultation,
 Jesus Christ is my salvation.

6. Why should I regard the frowns
 Of those who mock, deride or slight me,
 Soon I'll lie beneath the ground,
 Beyond the reach of those who hate me :

Sorrows, toils, and sufferings o'er,
 I'll gain the blissful, happy shore,
 And then with shining host above,
 I'll shout and sing redeeming love;
 Pleasures there beyond expression,
 Ever roll in sweet succession.

7. Mourners see your Saviour stands
 With arms expanded to receive you;
 See he spreads his bleeding hands!
 Come, venture on him, he'll relieve you;
 Cast your fears and doubts aside;
 The door of mercy's open wide;
 The fountain flows that saves from sin,
 Come, now believe and enter in.
 Don't distrust your blessed Saviour;
 Now believe, and live forever.
8. Sinners, you may mock and scorn:
 Your moments lost will be lamented;
 Awful days are hastening on
 When you will wish you had repented.
 Death in his embraces cold
 Will soon your mortal body hold;
 Your pleasures then will take their flight,
 And down you'll sink to endless night.
 While you're of the guilty number,
 Your destruction does not slumber.
9. Fellow sinner go with me,
 My heart's enlarged to receive you,
 Slight not mercy offered free,
 But come to Jesus, he'll relieve you.
 But if you offered grace refuse,
 And will destruction ever choose—
 Unhappy soul, your guilt and blood
 Must rest upon your wretched head.
 Darkness, torment, pain and sorrow,
 May be yours before to-morrow.

SONG 26.

1. I LONG to see the seasons come,
When sinners shall come flocking home ;
To taste the heaven of Jesus' love,
And seek the joys which are above.
2. Hark ! how the glorious gospel sounds
Inviting sinners all around ;
Behold your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
3. He now is knocking at your heart,
Waiting salvation to impart—
To wash you in atoning blood,
And seal you heirs and sons of God.
4. A few more days and you must go,
To realms of joy, or endless wo ;
In worlds of bliss with Christ to dwell,
Or sink beneath his frowns to Hell.
5. Come then, dear sinners, counsel take,
And all your sinful ways forsake ;
This world give o'er, leave friends behind ;
In Christ you shall redemption find.
6. Take your companion by the hand,
And all your children in one band,
And give them up at Jesus' call,
To pardon, bless, and save them all.
7. Then when the day of Christ shall come,
And he collects his jewels home,
On Zion's mount you there shall stand
And join the bright, celestial band.
8. O ! what a glorious company !
May I be there the sight to see,

And join in praise to Jesus' name—
All glorious in Jerusalem.

SONG 27.

1. WHEN Christ the Lord was here below,
About the work he came to do,
Before he left this little band,
He gave to them his great command.
2. Though fishing Peter leads the way,
And nothing caught till break of day,
To give them food thus Jesus stands,
And says to Peter, "feed my Lambs."
3. Thomas was of a doubting mind,
Yet Jesus leaves him not behind :
"Thomas," said he, "behold my hands,
And Simon Peter, feed my Lambs."
4. Though men and devils all unite,
And earthly comforts fail us quite,
The promises of Jesus stand.
To free our souls from Satan's band.
5. O ! little children do not fear,
While Christ your Saviour is so near ;
Poor, doubting souls are in his hands,
And precious food for all his Lambs.
6. Peter did once deny his Lord,
By not attending to his word ;
But Jesus knew how frail was man,
And said to Peter " feed my Lambs."

7. The richest feast is yet above,
 In the enjoyment of his love ;
 So run to Christ with all your might,
 And I will try to keep in sight.
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SONG 28.

1. POOR Zion lies in sore distress,
 Her walls are broken down ;
 The briers of the wilderness,
 Her walks have overgrown.
 Her palaces are desolate,
 Her court's a place for owls ;
 The Satyr there doth meet his mate,
 And nest for other fowls.
2. A dreadful curse hath overspread
 The land both far and wide ;
 The nations mourn for lack of bread ;
 The springs of water dried.
 Go, go ye priests before the Lord,
 And at his altar mourn ;
 That he may sheath his dreadful sword,
 And let his grace return.
3. Methinks the cloud begins to move ;
 Sweet spring is drawing near ;
 The voice of the sweet turtle dove,
 The land begins to cheer,
 Methinks I hear the watchmen cry,
 O ! Zion now be bold—
 With eagle's wings you soon shall fly,
 The feathers tinged with gold.

4. Your walls again shall be rebuilt,
Your palaces around ;
The Lord, who has removed your guilt,
Doth rich in grace abound.
He'll pave your streets with purest gold,
Your gates with diamonds bright ;
Your riches never can be told,
You are the Lord's delight.

5. Princes shall feed your flocks and keep
With tender care the lambs ;
They'll safely lead the older sheep,
And number all their names.
The Lord's your everlasting light ;
Your mourning days are past ;
Your city is the Lord's delight,
And shall no more be waste,

6. Your mountains shall with honey flow,
The hills with milk and wine ;
The vallies full of corn shall grow,
And pastures full of kine.
My glory shall your reward be ;
I will before you go,
Until you come my face to see,
And all my goodness know.

7. My signs in Heaven you shall see,
And hear my trumpets blow ;
The sun and moon shall darkened be ;
By this you all may know
The year of my redeemed is come,
To set poor Zion free :
Return, return, ye exiles home,
It is the jubilee.

8. My lightning round the world shall fly,
While rumbling thunders roll ;

But you shall mount the melting sky.
 And gain the happy goal—
 There in a bright and flow'ry plain,
 Your blazing harps shall ring;
 The Lamb that was on Calvary slain,
 Shall sound from every string.

SONG 29.

1. HARK! the Jubilee is sounding!
 O! the joyful news is come!
 Free salvation is proclaimed
 In and through God's only Son.
 Now we have an invitation
 To the meek and lowly Lamb;
 Glory, honor and salvation,
 Christ the Lord is come to reign.
2. Come, dear friends and don't neglect it,
 Come to Jesus in your prime;
 Great salvation, don't reject it,
 O! receive it, now's your time:
 Now the Saviour is beginning
 To revive his work again:
 Glory, &c.
3. Now let each one cease from singing,
 Come and follow Christ the way;
 We shall all receive a blessing,
 If from him we do not stray:
 Golden moments we've neglected,
 O! the time we've spent in vain.
 Glory, &c.
4. Come let's run our race with patience,
 Looking unto Christ the Lord,

Who doth live forever,
 With his father and our God :
 He is worthy to be praised,
 He is our exalted king.
 Glory, &c.

5. Come dear children, praise your Jesus,
 Praise him, praise him evermore :
 May his great love now constrain us,
 His greater name to adore :
 O ! then let us join together,
 Crowns of glory to obtain.
 Glory, &c,

SONG 30.

1. HOW lost was my condition.
 Till Jesus made me whole !
 There is but one Physician,
 Can cure a sin-sick soul !
 Next door to death he found me,
 And snatched me from the grave,
 To tell to all around me,
 His wondrous power to save.
2. The worst of all diseases
 Is light, compared with sin ;
 On every part it seizes,
 But rages most within :
 'Tis palsy, plague and fever,
 And madness all combined ;
 And none but a believer
 The least relief can find.
3. From men great skill professing
 I thought a cure to gain ;

But this proved more distressing,
 And added to my pain :
 Some said that nothing ailed me,
 Some gave me up for lost ;
 Thus every refuge failed me,
 And all my hopes were crossed.

4. At length this great Physician,
 How matchless is his grace !
 Accepted my petition,
 And undertook my case ;
 First gave me sight to view him,
 For sin my eyes had sealed ;
 Then bid me look unto him ;
 I looked and I was healed.
5. A dying, risen Jesus,
 Seen by the eye of faith,
 At once from danger frees us,
 And saves the soul from death :
 Come then, to this Physician,
 His help he'll freely give :
 He makes no hard condition,
 'Tis only—look and live.

SONG 31.

1. O ! GIVE me Lord my sins to mourn,
 My sins which have thy body torn ;
 Give me with broken heart to see,
 Thy last tremendous agony.
2. O ! could I gain the mountain's height,
 And gaze upon that wondrous sight ;
 O ! that with Salem's daughters, I
 Could stand and see my Saviour die,

3. I'd hang around his feet and cry,
Lord save a soul condemned to die,
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy son.
4. Father of mercies drop thy frown,
And give me shelter in thy son;
And with my broken heart comply,
O! give me Jesus or I die.
5. O! Lord deny me what thou wilt,
If thou would'st ease my soul of guilt;
Good Lord in mercy hear my cry,
And give me Jesus or I die.
6. O! save my soul from gaping hell,
Or else with devils I must dwell:
O! may I enter now I'm come?
Lord Jesus save me or I'm gone.
- 7 Spare me, my Lord, do not forsake,
And for a wretch now undertake;
Wash off my sins in blood divine,
O! save, and seal me ever thine.
8. One precious drop Lord Jesus grant,
One precious drop is what I want,
One precious drop of thy rich blood
Will make me cry, my Lord, my God.

SONG 32.

1. WHILE sorrows encompass me round,
And endless distresses I see;
Astonished I cry! can a mortal be found,
That's surrounded with troubles like me?

2. Few hours of peace I enjoy,
And these are succeeded by pain :
If a moment in praising my God I employ,
I have hours and days to complain.
3. O! when shall my sorrows subside ?
Or, when shall my sufferings cease ?
O! when to the bosom of Christ be conveyed,
To the mansions of glory and bliss ?
4. May I be prepared for that day,
When Jesus shall bid me remove :
And filled with his power, go shouting away
To the arms of my heavenly love.
5. The spirit to glory conveyed—
My body lay low in the ground :
I wish not a tear at my grave to be shed,
But let all join in praising around.
6. No sorrows be vented that day,
When Jesus has taken me home ;
But singing and praising, let each brother say,
He is gone from the evil to come.
7. If souls immaterial can know,
Or visit their brethren beneath,
Perhaps I may join you, while singing you go,
After laying the corpse in the earth,
8. Immersed in the ocean of love,
I then like an angel shall sing,
Till Christ shall descend with a shout from above
And make all creation to ring.
9. Our slumbering bodies obey,
And swifter than thought shall arise ;

And changed in a moment go shouting away,
To the mansions of love in the skies.

SONG 33.

1. YE happy souls, whose peaceful minds,
Are free from pain and fear;
Ye objects which kind Heaven designs,
To make its constant care:
To you I'll vent my mournful sighs,
Pressed by my dismal fate;
O! can you with me sympathise,
While I my case relate?
2. I once was happy in the Lord,
My soul was in a flame;
I did delight to hear his word,
And praise his holy name.
His children were my heart's delight,
I loved their company—
I lived by faith, both day and night,
That Jesus died for me.
3. But woe is me, those joys are past,
Those blissful scenes are o'er;
I'm like a city quite laid waste,
To be rebuilt no more.
In vain I cry, in vain I mourn,
In vain I seek for rest;
I fear the dove will ne'er return,
To my poor, troubled breast.
4. Alas! alas! where shall I go?
Jesus from me has gone;
A child of sorrow, grief and woe,
Forevermore undone.

The gospel too, is hid from me,
 Though often I do hear
 The law denounces death on me,
 And thunders out despair.

5. My hope is fled, and faith, I've none,
 God's word I cannot bear :
 My sense and reason almost gone,
 Filled with tormenting fear :
 What next to do, I cannot tell,
 So keen my sorrows are—
 Without relief I sink to Hell,
 To howl in long despair.

6. The Devil's waiting me around,
 To make my soul a prey ;
 I wait to hear the trumpet sound,
 Take, take the wretch away.
 I linger, pine, I groan and sigh,
 Sleep now has left mine eyes ;
 And ghastly death seems drawing nigh,
 And that without disguise.

7. O ! that I was some bird or beast,
 Was I a stork or owl,
 Some lofty tree should bear my nest,
 Or through the desert prowl.
 But I have an immortal soul,
 Within this house of clay,
 That either must with devils howl,
 Or dwell in endless day.

8. One evening pensive as I lay,
 Alone upon the ground,
 As I to God began to pray,
 A light shone all around.
 These words with pow'r went through my heart
 I've come to set you free ;

Death, Hell nor Grave shall never part
My love, (my son) from thee.

9. My dungeon shook, my chains flew off,
Glory to God, I cried :
My soul was filled, I cried enough,
For me the Saviour died.
The winter's past, the rain is gone,
Sweet flowers do appear ;
The morning's brought a glorious sun,
That's banished every fear.
10. Hail, brightest Prince, eternal Lord,
That left the blazing throne ;
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thou art the Father's son.
When on the brink of hell I lay,
Enclosed in blackest night,
Thou, Lord, didst hear the sinner pray,
And brought my soul to light.
11. All you that's groaning in your chains,
Without one spark of hope,
Though inexpressible your pains,
O ! still be looking up.
The winds may blow and storms arise,
A dark and gloomy night ;
The morning sun will clear the skies,
With sweet prevailing light.

SONG 34.

1. YE weary, heavy laden souls,
Who are oppressed sore ;
Ye travellers through the wilderness
To Canaan's peaceful shore ;

Through chilling winds and beating rains,
 The waters deep and cold,
 And enemies surrounding you—
 Take courage and be bold.

2. Though storms and hurricanes arise
 The desert all around,
 And fiery serpents oft appear
 Through the enchanted ground ;
 Dark nights, and clouds, and gloomy fear,
 And dragons often roar ;
 But while the gospel trump we hear,
 We'll press for Canaan's shore.

3. We're often like the lonesome dove,
 Who mourns her absent mate,
 From hill to hill, from vale to vale,
 Her sorrows to relate.
 But Canaan's land is just before,
 Sweet spring is coming on ;
 A few more beating winds and rains,
 And winter will be gone.

4. Sometimes like mountains to the sky,
 Black Jordan's billows roar ;
 Which often makes the pilgrims fear,
 They never will get o'er.
 But let us gain Mount Pisgah's top,
 And view the vernal plain,
 To fright our souls may Jordan roar,
 And Hell may rage in vain.

5. Methinks I now begin to see
 The borders of that land,
 The trees of life with heavenly fruit,
 In beauteous order stand.
 The wintry time is past and gone,
 Sweet flowers do appear ;

The fiftieth year has now rolled round ;
The great Sabbatic year.

6. O! what a glorious sight appears,
To my believing eyes,
Methinks I see Jerusalem,
A city in the skies !
Bright angels whispering me away,
O! come my brother, come ;
And I am willing to be gone
To my eternal home,
 7. By faith I see my gracious God,
On his eternal throne,
At his right hand the loving Lamb,
The spirit three in one.
O! that my faith was strong to rise,
And bear my soul away ;
I'd shout salvation to the Lamb,
In one eternal day.
 8. Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
Who are to Canaan bound ;
And should we never meet again,
Till Jubil's trump shall sound,
I hope that I shall meet you there,
On that delightful shore,
In ocean's of eternal bliss,
Where parting is no more.
-

SONG 35.

1. ALL ye that's seeking Jesus' face,
And longing for his pard'ning grace ;
For sinners, he's a hiding place,
From lightning, storms and thunder.

Before the morning stars shone bright,
 Before the sun spread forth his light,
 Or Luna, silver queen of night,
 He was his Father's chief delight ;
 To see the God and man unite,
 Is an eternal wonder,

2. The city's name was Bethlehem,
 Although it was of little fame,
 In it was born the great I am,
 Laid in the oxen's manger,
 O ! what can men or angel's say,
 To see the eternal Prince of day,
 Forsake his throne to lie in hay :
 Of woman born, enrobed in clay,
 In Mary's arms the infant lay,
 To the cold world a stranger.

3. On the same night, a glorious sight,
 Of holy angel's stretched in flight,
 Descending from the worlds of light,
 To shepherds they appeared.
 With great astonishment they viewed
 The royal messengers of God
 Extend their golden wings abroad,
 As they came down the starry road,
 In shining ranks around them stood,
 The joyful news declared.

4. In David's town, this glorious morn,
 Of David's line a Saviour's born :
 He came his people to adorn,
 In garments of salvation.
 He came the gospel news to tell ;
 He came to save poor souls from Hell ;
 His name is King Emanuel,
 And able to do all things well,
 His Father's broken laws fulfil,
 And seal his dispensation.

5. When he arrived at twelve years old,
 We see him act with courage bold,
 As holy Scriptures do unfold,
 With learned men contending.
 In grace and truth he did abound ;
 His sense and reason were profound ;
 His words and doctrine too were sound ;
 The questions which they did propound,
 He answered all and did confound,
 The scheme they were defending.

6. The wily serpent did infuse,
 Into the hearts of wicked Jews,
 That they should Christ their King refuse,
 With the utmost detestation.
 With boldness he maintained his way,
 And preached to them from day to day ;
 But stubborn Jews would not obey,
 And often sought their Lord to slay ;
 Judas at length did him betray,
 Joined in their conspiracy,

7. To Pilate's bar our Jesus came ;
 Behold the meek and lowly Lamb,
 The son of God now clothed in shame,
 And bears his condemnation.
 The dreadful scene behold and see ;
 He bears his cross up Calvary,
 And there nailed to the cursed tree,
 Behold his dying agony ;
 Sinners, he dies for you and me,
 To save us from damnation,

8. All hail, eternal son of God,
 Who bought me with thy precious blood,
 And has thy Father's wine press trod,
 Of helpers there was not one.

O may my ransomed soul obey,
 Thy bless'd commands from day to day;
 Give me a heart to watch and pray,
 And keep me that I never stray
 From thee, the true and living way,
 Till I surround the starry throne.

SONG 36.

1. WHEN shall I be delivered from sorrow and
 from sin ?
 When will my blessed Saviour abide and reign
 within ?
 When shall I cease to wander, and love my
 God alone,
 And feel with pleasing wonder my heart be-
 come his throne ?
2. I wander like a stranger or pilgrim here below ;
 I long to love my Saviour, and nothing else to
 know :
 But still I feel corruption abiding in my breast,
 Foreboding my destruction if it is not suppress'd.
3. When shall I gain the blessing and feel the
 fountain flow,
 And plunge into that ocean that washes white
 as snow ;
 Emerge to full salvation, cleansed by the purple
 flood,
 And feel the new creation, the image of my
 God ?
4. The foe would fain persuade me, my labor all
 is vain,
 That Christ will never save me, while here,
 from sin's remains :

And when I read the promise and almost feel
it true,
He cries a sprinkled conscience is not for such
as you.

5. Methinks I hear my Saviour thus whispering
within,
My friends with me must suffer, if with me
they would reign ;
And when through faith and patience thy soul
shall be refined,
I'll give thee then to love me with all thy heart
and mind.

6. No more shall thy corruption or sin distress
thy soul,
But love, without obstruction, shall like an
ocean roll ;
And though through tribulation you still your
course must run,
Your witness of salvation shall shine like yon-
der sun.

7. Then wherefore these distresses ? Lift up your
anxious mind ;
Behold ! the gentle heavens with blessings o'er
thee bend ;
To taste them I invite thee, arise and enter in ;
Now if you can believe me, I'll save you from
all sin,

8. Wherefore will you dishonor your God by un-
belief ?
Come, cast your care upon me and find a quick
relief ;
Nor of my love be doubtful, I am no fickle
friend,
My promises are faithful, I'll love you to the end.

SONG 37.

1. SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation ;
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain !
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless thou return again :
 Keep no longer at a distance ;
 Shine upon us from on high ;
 Lest, for want of thine assistance,
 Ev'ry plant should droop and die.
2. Surely once thy garden flourished,
 Ev'ry part looked gay and green !
 Then thy word our spirits nourished,
 Happy seasons we have seen !
 But a drought has since succeeded,
 And a sad decline we see ;
 Lord thy help is greatly needed ;
 Help can only come from thee.
3. Where are those we counted leaders,
 Filled with zeal, and love and truth ?
 Old professors, tall as cedars,
 Bright examples to our youth !
 Some, in whom we once delighted,
 We shall meet no more below ;
 Some, alas ! we fear are blighted,
 Scarce a single leaf they show.
4. Younger plants—the sight how pleasant,
 Covered thick with blossoms stood ;
 But they cause us grief at present,
 Frosts have nipped them in the bud !
 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
 Thou canst make them bloom again ;
 O ! permit them not to wither ;
 Let not all our hopes be vain !

5. Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in prayers ;
 Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
 Shun the world's bewitching snares ;
 Break the tempter's fatal power,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
 And begin, from this good hour,
 To revive thy work afresh.
-

SONG 38.

1. COME, all ye wand'ring Pilgrims dear,
 Who are to Canaan bound ;
 Take courage and fight valiantly ;
 Obey the trumpet's sound.
 Our Captain has before us gone,
 'Tis God's eternal Son ;
 Then pilgrims dear, pray do not fear,
 But let us follow on.
 2. Through a dark, and howling wilderness,
 To Canaan's peaceful shore ;
 A land of drought, of pits and snares,
 Where chilling winds do roar.
 But Jesus Christ will with us go,
 And lead us by the way ;
 Should enemies examine us,
 He'll teach us what to say,
 3. Good morning, brother traveller,
 Pray tell me what's your name ?
 And where it is you're travelling to !
 Also, from whence you came ?
- My name it is the pilgrim bold,
 To Canaan I am bound ;

I'm from the howling wilderness,
And the enchanted ground.

4. Pray, what is that upon your head,
That shines so clear and bright ?
Also the covering of your breast,
So dazzling to my sight ?
What kind of shoes are those you wear,
On which you boldly stand ?
Likewise, the shining instrument
You bear in your right hand ?

5. 'Tis glorious hope upon my head,
And on my breast my shield ;
With this bright sword I mean to fight,
Until I win the field.
My feet are shod with gospel peace,
On which I boldly stand,
And I'm determined to fight till death,
And win fair Canaan's land.

6. You'd better stay with me young man,
And give your journey o'er ;
Your captain now is out of sight,
His face you'll see no more.
Apollyon, sir, I am by name,
This land belongs to me ;
And for your arms and pilgrim's dress,
I'll give it all to thee.

7. O no, replied the pilgrim bold,
Your offer I disdain ;
A glittering crown of righteousness,
I shortly shall obtain.
Oh if I only faithful prove,
To my dear Lord's commands,
I shortly shall be heir with him,
To Canaan's richest lands.

8. The pleasant fields in Canaan's land,
Are beauteous to behold ;
The vallies clothed in living green,
The mountains tinged with gold—
The trees of life, with heavenly fruit,
Behold how thick they stand ;
Blow gentle gales, and bear my soul
Away to Canaan's land.

9. Salvation in sweet purling streams,
Through Canaan's land doth roll,
Proceeding from the throne of God,
To bathe a pilgrim's soul.
Ten thousand, thousand crowns of gold,
All set with diamonds bright ;
And there my smiling Jesus reigns,
Who is my heart's delight.

10. Come, all ye mourning travellers,
Fresh courage take from me—
Meanwhile I'll tell you how, my friends,
This land I came to see.
Through Christ the glorious telescope,
I viewed the worlds above,
And God the Father dressed in smiles,
Who filled my soul with love.

11. My soul's on fire with warm desire,
To see Jerusalem ;
The city bright, the saint's delight,
Whose keeper is the Lamb.
A holy flame, runs through my frame,
Methinks the King I see,
In glory bright, clothed all in light
And immortality.

12. My soul, what glories do appear,
Throughout that land to thee ;

There all the saints are clothed in white,
 And walk in liberty,
 The Father, Son, and Spirit one,
 In blazing glories shine,
 With countless harps and flaming tongues,
 Employed in hymns divine.

13. Brave soldiers, dear, pray do not fear,
 Our Captain is above ;
 Behold him stand at God's right hand ;
 His bowels melt with love.
 He'll soon appear and us prepare,
 To cross the rolling flood ;
 Then up we'll fly with wings of joy,
 To see our smiling God.
-

SONG 39.

1. BEHOLD, before the eternal throne,
 Millions of angels praise the Son ;
 Ten thousand seraphs clothed in white,
 And winged heralds stretched for flight.
2. Fear him, ye saints, and love him too,
 He lives, he reigns, he died for you ;
 Angelic hosts from glory fell,
 And vengeance chains them deep in Hell.
3. Their pinions chained, they cannot rise,
 With horror view the brazen skies ;
 In seas of guilt, a burning flood,
 The wrath of an Almighty God.
4. In midnight darkness scream and howl,
 More direful than the desert owl ;

Unhappy Ghosts, they howl in vain,
They'll never see the light again.

5. But O! my God what hast thou done,
Through Christ, thine only loving son,
Poor Adam's race through Jesus' blood,
Made kings, and priests, and sons of God.
6. From pits of wo, from fire and chains,
From floods of grief, exquisite pains ;
From endless shame, eternal Hell
Redeemed by King Immanuel.
7. When Gabriel's trump shall rend the sky,
In fiery chariots we shall fly ;
We'll drive o'er clouds, outstrip the wind,
And leave a burning world behind.
8. O! sinners come, will you not go
With us to 'scape eternal wo ?
Your Saviour cries, O! sinners turn,
Or else in Hell forever burn.
9. When brought before God's awful bar,
Your everlasting doom to hear ;
You then from all your friends must part,
And sink to Hell with bleeding heart.
10. Come, then, to Christ, forsake your sin ;
Come run a race, a crown to win ;
To sit on thrones of glory bright,
Crowned kings, and priests all clothed in white.
11. There we shall see our Saviour's face,
And triumph in victorious grace ;
With shining angels shout and tell,
Redemption through Immanuel.

SONG 40.

1. COME all my partners in distress,
Ye travellers through the wilderness,
 To Canaan's peaceful shore.
Be ready now for all alarms,
Gird on your helmets and your arms,
 Our Captain's gone before.
2. Apollyon's armies we must fight,
And put the troops of Hell to flight ;
 To gain that heavenly land.
Come on ye soldiers in the rear,
Be stout and bold and never fear ;
 Come join the shouting band.
- 3, King Jesus' banners mounted high,
And colors of sweet liberty,
 Behold each glittering star.
Hark ! the watchmen wind their horn,
The echo sounds each soul to warn,
 To Zion's glorious war.
4. The watchmen march around the wall,
In close array the armies all,
 And boast their thousands slain.
In triumph hark ! the soldiers cry,
Through Christ we all our foes defy,
 And count their malice vain.
5. We'll shout above the fiery void,
And view the earth in flames destroyed,
 And tune our harps of gold.
Salvation to our conquering King,
We'll make the heavenly mansions ring,
 Through ages yet untold.

6. We've fought Apollyon and his crew,
And all his armies overthrew,
 Deep in the burning flood;
Strike, strike your harps, ye Angels bright,
And fall transported at the sight,
 Of Christ your conquering God.
7. We'll sit on thrones of glory bright,
When perfect day excludes the night,
 Above the ethereal blue.
With glittering crowns upon your heads,
With him we'll rest on flowing beds,
 Our pleasures ever new.
8. No nauseous thing for us to fear,
No sin or pain can enter there,
 To interrupt our peace.
But drink and swim in seas of love,
God's perfect holiness to prove,
 And glory still increase.
9. O! Christians, don't you want to go,
And leave your cares and fears below,
 To see that heavenly place.
And never to return again,
To this dark world of sin and pain,
 From his sweet smiling face.
10. O! sinners what think you of this,
Ye restless wanderers after bliss?
 Stop and no longer roam.
The road you're in leads down to Hell,
Where fiery flames and dragons dwell,
 Where hope can never come.
11. Hark! from the skies your Saviour cries,
And stands your bleeding sacrifice,
 Then offers you his love.

Sinner awake ! see your mistake,
 And strive to shun the fiery lake,
 And reign with him above.

12. Hark ! how the gospel trumpet charms ;
 Enlist with Christ, take up your arms,
 Gird on your sword and shield.
 While glory bright inspires to fight,
 We'll slay the bloody sons of night,
 And thus we'll take the field.

13. O ! then we'll meet our blessed Lord,
 When we'll not need a shield or sword,
 But nobler hours employ,
 When millions of bright years are gone,
 Eternity is just begun,
 Of never ending joy.

14. All glory be to God on high,
 Who made the ocean, earth and sky ;
 Glory to him be given.
 I long to see my gracious King,
 My soul's now rising while I sing,
 To scale the mount of heaven.

15. I long to gain the mountain's height ;
 To see the Lord my soul's delight,
 I'm flaming with desire :
 To join the dazzling armies bright,
 Ten thousand thousands clothed in white,
 In blazing worlds of fire.

SONG 41.

1. HARK ! listen to the trumpeters,
 They sound for volunteers ;

On Zion's bright and flow'ry mount,
 Behold the officers—
 Their horses white, their garments bright,
 With crown and bow they stand;
 Enlisting soldiers for their King
 To march for Canaan's land.

2. It sets my heart all in a flame,
 A soldier I will be;
 I will enlist, gird on my arms,
 And fight for liberty.
 They want no tories in their band,
 They will their colors fly;
 But call for valiant hearted men,
 That's not afraid to die.

3. The armies now are in parade;
 How martial they appear!
 All dressed and armed in uniform,
 They look like men of war—
 They follow their brave general,
 The great Eternal Lamb:
 His garments stained with his own blood,
 King Jesus is his name.

4. The trumpet sounds, the armies shout,
 And drive the hosts of hell,
 How dreadful is our God in arms,
 The great Immanuel.
 Sinners enlist with Jesus Christ,
 The eternal Son of God;
 And march with us to Canaan's land,
 Beyond the swelling flood.

5. There in a green and flowery field,
 Where fruits immortal grow;
 All clothed in white, with angels bright,
 And our Redeemer know.

We'll shout and sing forever more,
 In that eternal world ;
 But Satan and his armies too,
 Shall down to Hell be hurled.

6. Hold up your heads, ye soldiers bold,
 Redemption's drawing nigh ;
 We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
 That shakes both earth and sky.
 In fiery chariots then we'll fly,
 And leave the world on fire ;
 And meet around the starry throne,
 To tune the immortal lyre.
-

SONG 42.

1. I WALKED forth one morning fair,
 Aurora gently fanned the air ;
 And scattered odours in the breeze,
 From dropping gums and blooming trees.
2. The hills and vallies did abound,
 With feathered songsters all around ;
 Their various artless notes did ring,
 To welcome in the cheerful spring.
3. The earth was clothed in vernal hue,
 And flowers sprinkled with morning dew ;
 All nature smiling to behold,
 The rising sun with beams of gold.
4. Surveying nature's drama round,
 The scene with wonders did abound ;
 Meanwhile my laboring eyes were charmed ;
 An inward voice my soul alarmed.

5. Could you all nature comprehend,
You'd better learn to know thy end ;
Those beauties which you now survey,
Shall like thyself soon fade away.
6. But death alone is not your doom,
You surely must to judgment come ;
How will you stand before the Lord,
When he unsheaths his flaming sword ?
7. When hills and mountains all are fled,
Where will you hide your guilty head ?
O ! wretched man, where will you rove,
You've slighted a Redeemer's love ?
8. Black horror seized my guilty heart,
Through every vein I felt the smart ;
I fell and almost lost my breath,
And thought I soon should sink in death.
9. The little birds from spray to spray,
Were humming praises all the day,
In artless anthems to their God,
But I'd despised a Saviour's blood,
10. If I had died when I was young,
I now should with mine infant tongue,
Be praising Christ the Lord on high,
But here in guilty chains I lie.
11. Thus trembling o'er the gulph I lay,
But dare not move my lips to pray :
I thought I was forever cursed,
My guilty heart was fit to burst.
12. My scarlet crimes did now appear,
Which sunk my soul in black despair ;
My dreadful pains no tongue can tell,
I thought I felt the flames of hell,

13. I thought I saw the burning lake,
My frighted soul began to quake;
I cried aloud, Lord must I go,
To languish in eternal wo.
14. I heard a noise like thunder roll,
Which did affright my guilty soul;
I thought the dreadful day was come,
That I should hear my final doom.
15. To my amazement and surprise,
I saw a cloud descend the skies,
And on the cloud appeared One,
Who fairer was than crystal stone.
16. His curling locks were snowy white,
His garments were exceeding bright;
The sun looked dim before his face,
His feet were like the burnished brass.
17. He spake, and lightning streamed around:
He says, I have a ransom found;
I bought your pardon on the tree,
And came to set your spirit free.
18. My heart rebounded like a roe,
And glory through my soul did flow;
My fears were gone, and I was free,
And knew my Saviour died for me.
19. I leaped and shouted out aloud,
And longed for wings to reach the cloud,
To catch my Saviour in my arms,
And gaze forever on his charms.
20. Meanwhile I thus rejoicing stood,
He like a flaming cherub rode:
To heaven again he took his flight,
And quickly vanished out of sight.

21. But still I felt the heavenly flame,
 And sung aloud in Jesus' name ;
 I felt the all atoning blood,
 And knew that I was born of God.
-

SONG 43.

1. MY soul's full of glory
 Which inspires my tongue ;
 Could I meet with angels,
 I'd sing them a song.
 I'd sing of my Jesus
 And tell of his charms,
 And beg them to bear me
 To his loving arms.
2. Methinks they're descending
 To hear while I sing,
 Well pleased to hear mortals
 While praising their King.
 O! Angels! O! Angels!
 My soul's in a flame,
 I faint in sweet raptures
 At Jesus' name.
3. O! Jesus! O! Jesus!
 Thou balm of my soul,
 'Twas thee my dear Saviour,
 That made my heart whole.
 O! bring me to view thee,
 Thou precious, sweet King,
 In oceans of glory
 Thy praises to sing.
4. O! Heaven, sweet Heaven!
 I long to be there,

To meet all my brethren,
 And Jesus my dear.
 Come Angels, come Angels,
 I'm ready to fly,
 Come quickly convey me
 To God in the sky.

5. Sweet spirits attend me
 Till Jesus shall come,
 Protect and defend me
 Till I am called home.
 Though worms, my poor body,
 May claim as their prey,
 'Twill outshine, when rising,
 The sun at mid-day.

6. The sun may be darkened,
 The moon turned to blood,
 The mountains all melting
 At the presence of God.
 Red lightnings be blazing,
 Loud thunders may roar,
 All this cannot daunt me
 On Canaan's sweet shore.

7. A glimpse of bright glory
 O'erpowers my soul ;
 I sink in sweet vision
 To view the bright goal.
 My soul while I'm singing
 Is leaping to go ;
 This moment for Heaven,
 I'd leave all below.

8. Farewell, my dear brethren
 My Lord bids me come ;
 Farewell, my dear children,
 I'm now going home ;

Bright Angels are whispering
 So sweet in my ear,
 Away to thy Saviour
 Thy spirit we'll bear.

9. I'm going, I'm going,
 But what do I see;
 'Tis Jesus in glory
 Appears unto me.
 To Heaven, to Heaven
 I'm gone, I am gone,
 O! glory, O! glory,
 'Tis done, it is done.

10. To regions of glory
 The spirit is fled,
 And left the poor body
 Inactive and dead;
 With angelic armies
 In glory to blaze,
 On Jesus' beauties
 Forever to gaze.

11. When the sixth seal shall open
 The trumpet shall sound,
 To awake God's dear children
 Who sleep under ground;
 Their souls and their bodies
 Shall then join in one,
 And each from their Saviour
 Receive a bright crown.

SONG 44.

1. I LOVE thee, I love thee, I love thee my love
 I long thy salvation more fully to prove;

I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, O! why?
Because my dear Saviour for sinners did die.

2. I love thee, I love thee, my Lord knows it well
But how much I love thee, I never can tell;
From hell and damnation thy spirit did free,
From black desparation, a rebel like me.
3. On Zion's bright mountain, this news I will
tell,
The strains of redemption my bosom shall
swell;
With angelic ardour his love I'll proclaim,
Redemption for sinners, in Jesus' name.
4. Redemption, redemption, through Zion shall
ring
In the flame of redemption, her converts shall
sing;
Redemption, redemption, through Jesus' blood,
Descending from Calvary, and runs like a flood.
5. We'll talk of redemption while we stay below;
We'll sing of redemption when upwards we go;
When the sun shall be darkened, the moon
turned to blood,
We'll shout full redemption in the kingdom of
God,
6. When sinking in sorrow free grace did abound,
Pursued by the devil redemption we found;
Our harps to redemption, we'll tune every
string;
Through heaven's high arches, redemption shall
ring.
7. Redemption, redemption to him that was slain,
We'll out-sing the Angels in this heavenly
strain;

Redemption to Jesus forever we'll cry,
For men, not for Angels, the Saviour did die.

8. All glory, all glory, to Jesus' name ;
All wisdom and power to the spotless Lamb ;
To him that redeemed us, the great One in
Three,
Hosannah, hosannah, through eternity.
 9. The song of creation, bright Angels may sing,
But we'll sing redemption, to Christ our King ;
Through eternal ages these songs shall be sung,
While Jesus' glory inspires each tongue.
-

SONG 45.

1. HAIL, God the Father, glorious light ;
Hail, God the Son, my soul's delight ;
Hail, Holy Ghost, all one in three,
My anthem through eternity.
2. The glittering orbs all round the skies,
But speak his glory in disguise ;
Their silent notes too weak to tell,
The wisdom of Immanuel.
3. Tall mountains that becloud the skies,
With all the hills that round them rise,
While time endures you ne'er can tell,
The power of Immanuel.
4. Ye tumbling seas with dismal roar,
Whose numbers sound from shore to shore,
Your thundering language ne'er can tell,
The grandeur of Immanuel,

5. Could every nation, every tongue,
Join in one universal song ;
Their stammering tongues could never tell
The love of King Immanuel.
6. Let worlds on worlds with all their throng
Through every clime extend the song ;
A guilty world preserved from Hell,
By Christ, the King Immanuel.
7. Behold him leave his father's throne ;
Behold him bleed and hear him groan ;
Death's iron chains would fail to tell,
The strength of King Immanuel.
8. Behold him take his ancient seat,
And millions bowing at his feet ;
He's conquered Satan, Death and Hell,
And wears the crown, Immanuel.
9. His fame shall sound from pole to pole,
While glory flows from soul to soul ;
The gospel now goes forth to tell,
The mysteries of Immanuel.
10. While I am singing of his name,
My soul begins to feel the flame ;
I'm full, I'm full, yet cannot tell,
The goodness of Immanuel.
11. I long to hear his trumpet sound,
And see his glory blaze around ;
I then will shout and sing and tell,
Salvation to Immanuel.
12. Ten thousand thousand in the throng,
Ten thousand thousand join the song ;
He saved us from a gaping hell ;
All glory to Immanuel.

13. Meanwhile the skinning angels try,
 In flaming notes each to outvie ;
 They tune their harps each to excel,
 In praising King Immanuel.
14. My soul's transported with those charms ;
 I long to lie in Jesus' arms ;
 Through countless ages there to tell,
 How dear I love Immanuel.
-

SONG 46.

1. THE winter is past, and the rain now is o'er ;
 The cold northern tempest doth chill us no
 more ;
 The hard Jewish winter is now past and gone ;
 The spring sun's appearing, his course is begun.
2. The flowers appearing all through the glad
 plains ;
 The songsters are venting their musical strains,
 O'er mountains, through vallies on every hand,
 The voice of the turtle is heard in the land.
3. The green figs appearing on each fruitful tree,
 So charming the prospect, so pleasing to see ;
 The vines interwoven, all shading the ground ;
 The grapes young and tender, shed odors
 around.
4. I range those gay bowers and plains through
 and through,
 Till my dear beloved appears to my view ;
 The plains, hills and vallies I'll traverse around,
 Till the music of Jesus' voice I hear sound.

5. Arise my beloved and make haste away,
To my sweet embraces and make no delay ;
I've sought thee and found thee in this lone-
some grove,
Come, come my beloved to the arms of thy love.
6. My Jesus I've found thee, my glad soul replies,
Unspeakable pleasures and exquisite joys ;
He loves me, he loves me, I cannot tell why,
But I believe for me king Jesus did die.
7. My beloved is mine, I know I am his :
He saved my soul from a dreadful abyss ;
He leaped o'er the mountain of my unbelief,
When almost expiring he gave me relief.
8. Ye mountains and vallies and high hills likewise,
Ye stars with bright lustre that sing through
the skies ;
Ye angels and seraphs the music to swell,
Come, help me the love of sweet Jesus to tell.
9. Don't leave me, dear Jesus, but keep on thine
arms,
My soul in sweet raptures to gaze on thy
charms ;
In transports of pleasure derived from my God,
A heaven bought jewel, the price of thy blood.
10. And when thy loud trumpet shall shake earth
and sky,
On the wings of bright angels, I'll mount up
and fly ;
When storms of loud thunder earth's pillars
shall bend,
I'll shout hallelujahs to my lovely friend.
11. Adieu to temptations, sin, pain, grief and wo,
Tribulations and anguish, no more I shall know;

Death, Grave, Hell and Devil, completely subdued,
 And I more than conquerer through Jesus' blood.

SONG 47.

1. HARK! don't you hear the turtle dove,
 The token of redeeming love?
 From hill to hill, we hear the sound,
 The neighboring vallies echo round.
2. O! Zion hear the turtle dove,
 The tokens of your Saviour's love;
 They've come the barren land to cheer,
 And welcome in the Jubil year.
3. The winter's past, the rain is o'er;
 We feel the chilling winds no more;
 The spring is come, and summer too,
 All things appear divinely new.
4. On Zion's mount the watchmen cry,
 The resurrection's drawing nigh;
 Behold the nations from abroad,
 Are flocking to the mount of God.
5. The trumpet sounds both far and nigh,
 O! sinners turn, why will you die?
 How can you stand the gospel charms,
 Enlist with Christ, gird on your arms,
6. These are the days that were foretold,
 In ancient times, by prophets old;
 They longed to see this glorious light,
 But all have died without the sight.

7. The latter days have now come on,
And fugitives are flocking home;
Behold them crowd the gospel road,
All pressing for the mount of God.
8. O! yes, and I will join that band,
O! here's my heart, and here's my hand;
With Satan's band, no more I'll be,
But fight for king and liberty.
9. His banner soon shall be unfurled,
And he will come to judge the world;
On Zion's mountain we will stand,
Surrounded by fair Canaan's land.
10. The sun and moon shall darkened be,
And flames consume the land and sea;
When worlds on worlds together blaze,
We'll shout, and loud hosannas raise.

SONG 48.

1. YE children of Jesus, that's bound for the
kingdom,
Attune all your voices, and help me to sing,
Sweet anthems of praises to my precious Jesus;
For he is my Prophet, my Priest and my King.
When Jesus first found me, to Hell I was going;
His mercy prevented my final undoing;
He kindly embraced me, and sweetly he kissed
me,
And taught my glad tongue his salvation to
sing.
2. Why should we go mourning from such a
physician,
Who's able and willing our sickness to cure;
H

We'll ask him believing, though bad our condition,

The cause of the faithful his word will ensure ;
My soul he has healed, my glad heart rejoices ;
He's brought me to Zion to join their glad voices.

I'll serve him and praise him, and always adore him ;

Through grace I will meet him when dangers
are o'er.

3. My thoughts are in Heaven to Jesus ascended,
I'm bound to press toward the mark for the
prize,

And when my temptations and trials are ended,
With a convoy of seraphs my spirit shall rise.

O ! Christians I'm happy at this contemplation ;
My soul's drinking in the sweet streams of salvation ;

I long to be flying, that I may be vying,
With the tallest bright angel that shouts in the
skies.

4. Cheer up, ye dear pilgrims, for Canaan's before
us ;

We'll scale the bright mountains while shouting
free grace ;

In the new Jerusalem we'll sing hallelujah,
And sit in the smiles of sweet Jesus' face ,

No sorrow, no sighing, no weeping nor mourning,

To those that there enter, there is no returning,
But eating and drinking, and shouting and
singing,

Salvation and glory to Jesus' grace.

5. My soul's full of glory I'll not stay much longer,

O ! come my dear Saviour and make no delay.

I feel thy sweet spirit grow stronger and strong-
er ;

My soul's now exulting to see the glad day.

O ! Christians, O ! Christians, had you not rather

Be shouting in glory, with your blessed father,
When clouds and temptations, sins, pains and
vexations,

Are all lost forever, in perfect bright day.

6. This moment the Angels are hovering around
us,

And joining with mortals, to praise their sweet
King ;

They're waiting for Jesus to call us and crown
us,

To cause the glad arches of Heaven to ring.

There with our dear Father we'll meet one an-
other,

The wife and the husband, the sister and broth-
er ;

In the bottomless ocean, of love's sweet com-
motion,

Salvation to Jesus forever we'll sing.

SONG 49.

1. HOW happy is the man, who has chosen wis-
dom's ways,

And measures out his span, to God in prayer
and praise ;

His God and his bible are all that he desires,

To holiness of heart he continually aspires,

In poverty he's happy, for he knows he has a
friend

That never will forsake him though this world
should have an end.

2. He rises in the morning, with the lark he tunes
 his lays,
 And offers up his tribute to his God in prayer
 and praise ;
 And when to his labour he joyfully repairs,
 In confidence believing that God will hear his
 prayers,
 Whatever he engages in, at home or abroad,
 His object is to honor and to glorify his God.
3. In sickness, pain and sorrow he never will re-
 pine,
 While he is drawing nourishment from Christ
 the living vine ;
 When trouble presses heavily, he leans on Je-
 sus' breast,
 And in his precious promises, he finds a quiet
 rest.
 The yoke of Christ is easy, and his burdens
 always light ;
 He lives, nor is he weary, till his Canaan heaves
 in sight.
4. 'Tis thus you have his history, through life
 from day to day,
 Religion is no mystery to him 'tis a beaten way ;
 And when on his pillow he lies down to die,
 In hope he still rejoices, for he knows his Sa-
 viour's nigh ;
 And when life's lamp is flickering, his soul on
 wings of love,
 Flies away to realms of glory, there to reign
 with Christ above.

SONG 50.

1. I'M a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger ;
 I can tarry, I can tarry but a night,

Do not detain me, for I am going,
To where the fountains are ever flowing.

2. There the glory is ever beaming ;
O ! my longing heart, my longing heart is there !
Here in this country so lone and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary.

CHORUS.—I'm a pilgrim &c.

3. There's the city to which I journey ;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light ;
There is no sorrow, nor any parting,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying.

CHORUS.—I'm a pilgrim, &c.

4. There are my friends I've loved so dearly,
O ! I long, I long to see them all again,
Farewell then father, and farewell mother,
Farewell dear sister, and thou fond brother.

CHORUS.—I'm a pilgrim, &c.

5. My pilgrimage will soon have ended,
And to glory, yes, to glory I shall go,
When in that holy that happy country,
I'll praise my God, through vast eternity.

CHORUS.—I'm a pilgrim, &c.

SONG 51.

1. YE soldiers of Jesus, pray stand to your arms,
Prepare for the battle, the gospel alarms ;
The trumpets are sounding, come soldiers and
see,
The standard and colors of sweet liberty.

2. Though Satan's black trumpet is sounding so
near;
Take courage brave soldiers, his armies we
dare ;
In the strength of king Jesus we dare him to
fight,
We'll put his black armies of aliens to flight.
3. In the mount of salvation, in Christ's armory,
Are swords, shields and breast plates and hel-
mets for thee ;
Be not faint hearted, though he roars like a
flood,
He'll not stand before the bright armies of God.
4. To battle, to battle the trumpets do sound,
The watchmen are crying fair Zion around ;
The signal for victory ; hark ! hark ! from the
skies,
Shout, shout ye, brave armies loud the watch-
man cries.
5. As the great Goliath—Apollyon shall fall ;
With the sword of the spirit we'll conquer
them all ;
We'll leave no opposer alive in the field ;
By the strength of Jehovah we'll force them
to yield.
6. Through Jesus our wisdom, we'll baffle his
rage,
My heart beats for conquest, come, soldiers en-
gage ;
The trumpets are sounding, the armies appear,
We'll not leave one standing from front to the
rear.
7. King Jesus is riding the white horse before,
The watchmen close after, the trumpets do roar ;

Some shouting, some singing, salvation they
 cry,
 In the strength of king Jesus, all Hell we defy.

8. Fair Zion is shouting to her conquering King,
 Salvation to Jesus the armies do sing ;
 Apollyon we've conquered and sunk in the
 flood,
 Who, who can withstand the bright armies of
 God ?
9. Behold all the armies are now marching home ;
 God's trumpet is sounding, and bids them all
 come ;
 All Zion's fair armies together do meet,
 And lay down their armour at Jesus' feet.
10. The Angelic army with Zion combines,
 In robes of bright glory eternally shines,
 All shouting and singing on Canaan's bright
 shore,
 Where wars and commotions can reach them
 no more.
11. Cheer up, ye dear Pilgrims, the time's drawing
 nigh,
 When we shall meet Jesus' bright hosts in the
 sky ;
 Our friends and relations in Jesus so dear,
 Both preachers and people shall then meet us
 there.
12. We'll join the bright harpers in anthems di-
 vine,
 Whose crowns with bright diamonds the sun
 shall out shine ;
 To the praise of king Jesus we'll tune our harps
 then,
 Salvation and glory to Jesus, Amen.

SONG 52.

1. YONDER I see the Lord descending ;
 Hark ! his chariot's drawing nigh ;
 The starry vault before him rending,
 Flaming troops descend the sky.
 Heaven is shaking, earth is quaking,
 Mountains fly before his face ;
 The dead their dusty beds forsaking,
 Nature sinking in a blaze.

CHORUS.—Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
 Hark ! the herald angels sing ;
 Hail him christians, hail him christians,
 Yonder's your victorious king.

2. Now behold each shining warrior,
 Shouting from their dusty' beds ;
 Fly to meet their blessed Saviour,
 Glittering crowns upon their heads.
 Hear them tell their pleasant story
 To their smiling, lovely King ;
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Glory is the song they sing.

CHORUS.—Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
 Hark ! the Christian armies sing ;
 Join us angels, join us angels,
 Help us praise our conquering King.

3. Once an infant in the manger ;
 There the Lord of glory lay ;
 No place to lay the little stranger,
 But among the oxen's hay.
 Now he's crowned with a rainbow,
 Brighter than the Sardine stone ;
 He comes, he comes, the Christian's hero
 Sitting on his great white throne.

CHORUS.—Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Men and angels praise the Son,
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
To the eternal Three in One.

4. Jesus saved us from temptation,
Sin and Satan, Death and Hell ;
And has become our great salvation ;
Glory to Immanuel.
Once while bleeding on the mountain,
There his precious blood did run ;
Now he's brought us to the fountain
Springing from his father's throne.

CHORUS.—Give him glory, give him glory,
Let all heaven begin to sing ;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Through eternal ages ring.

SONG 53.

1. YE little flock, despised few,
You must the wilderness go through ;
The Israelites by Moses led,
And God from Heaven sent them bread.
With shoes their feet were kept from cold,
Their garments never waxed old,
The trumpet sounded their command,
To march away for Canaan's land.
2. They crossed the red, the roaring sea,
Undaunted Moses led the way ;
The sea obey'd the voice of God,
Stood still, and opened them a road.
While Pharaoh's band, whom God had cursed,
Were all in watery graves immersed ;

But now behold the royal band,
On Canaan's side all shouting stand.

3. The cloudy pillar served by day,
To guide their feet the pathless way ;
In darkest shades they had for light,
A fiery pillar through the night.
The Lord of Hosts rode through the air,
And often drove his chariot near ;
Sometimes the eternal Monarch bowed,
And spoke to Moses through a cloud.
4. And Moses, faithful to his trust,
Till he returned again to dust ;
And Joshua did, we understand,
Lead Israel safe to Canaan's land.
Though some did murmur and complain,
And in the wilderness were slain ;
Provoked their kind and gracious Lord,
And fell by his vindictive sword.
5. Then, brethren dear, pray faithful prove,
Or he'll resent his injured love ;
Watch all your steps with eagle's eye,
From sin, as from a serpent fly.
Moses and Joshua both are dead,
But still we see that Israel's led—
The Jewish law by Moses came,
But grace and truth, in Jesus' name,
6. The blood of goats and bullocks slain,
Could never take away our stain ;
Those ordinances were of God,
To point the world to Jesus' blood.
Those shadows now are fled away,
Methinks I see approaching day ;
It's come, it's come, the rosy morn ;
Hail glorious day, the Saviour's born.

7. The Gospel trump begins to sound,
Through Zion's firmament around ;
The voice of the sweet turtle dove,
The tokens of redeeming love.
All round sweet flowers do appear,
Which shew to us that summer's near ;
The harvest too will quickly come ;
Return ye ransomed sinners home.
8. Behold the suffering Son of God,
Pressed down with sheaves a ponderous load ;
His hands, his feet, his gushing side,
Exceed bold Jordan's swelling tide.
Ye scarlet sinners now draw nigh,
Whose sin's are of the deepest dye ;
Baptize your souls in this rich flood,
Fresh springing from a dying God.
9. Behold the dying Jesus rise,
With flaming troops above the skies ;
He tramples Hell beneath his feet,
And takes his Mediatorial seat.
Ten thousand thousand in a band,
Around the throne adoring stand ;
They hail the conquering prince of war,
And gaze upon each glorious scar.
10. His fame shall sound from pole to pole ;
His grace shall flow from soul to soul ;
Ten thousands shall his love proclaim,
And infants learn to lisp his name.
His blood we'll drink, his flesh we'll eat,
His gospel shall adorn our feet ;
His righteousness shall us entwine,
In garments of salvation shine.
11. Each soldier bold, with sword in hand,
Fight valiantly for Canaan's land ;

With helmet, breast plate and the shield,
 We'll force the powers of Hell to yield.
 Your general brave has gone before,
 Hark ! don't you hear his trumpets roar ?
 Come on, come on, ye little band,
 You soon will gain fair Canaan's land.

12. We soon shall stand where Moses stood,
 From Pisgah's top cross Jordan's flood ;
 With eagle's wings, outstrip the wind,
 And leave its raging waves behind.
 We'll meet on that delightful shore,
 And then the promised land explore ;
 Meanwhile redeeming grace admire,
 In praises sweet the golden lyre.
-

SONG 54.

1. THERE is a land of pleasure,
 Where streams of joy forever roll ;
 'Tis there I have my treasure,
 And there I long to rest my soul :
 Long darkness dwelt around me,
 With scarcely one bright cheering ray ;
 But since my Saviour found me,
 A light has shone along my way.
2. My way is full of danger ;
 But 'tis the path that leads to God,
 And like a faithful soldier,
 I'll boldly march along the road :
 Now I must gird my sword on,
 My breast-plate, helmet and my shield,
 And fight the host of Satan,
 Until I reach the heavenly field.

3. I'm on my way to Zion,
 Still guided by my Saviour's hand ;
 O ! come along dear sinners,
 And see Emanuel's happy land ;
 To all who stay behind me,
 I bid a long, a long farewell ;
 Come now or you'll repent it,
 When you shall reach the gates of Hell.

4. The vale of tears surrounds me,
 And Jordan's current rolls before ;
 O ! how I stand and tremble,
 To hear the dismal waters roar.
 Whose hand shall then support me,
 And keep my soul from sinking there,
 From sinking down to darkness,
 And to the regions of despair ?

5. This stream shall not affright me,
 Although ' tis deeper than the grave ;
 If Jesus stands beside me,
 I'll smoothly ride on Jordan's wave :
 His word has calmed the ocean—
 His lamp has cheered the gloomy vale :
 O ! shall this friend be with me,
 While through the gates of death I sail ?

5. Come, then, thou king of terrors,
 And with thy dagger lay me low —
 I'll sooner reach those regions,
 Where everlasting pleasures grow.
 O ! Christians shall I leave you,
 No more to join your social band ;
 No more to stand beside you,
 Till at the Judgment bar we stand ?

7. Soon the archangel's trumpet,
 Shall rock the globe from pole to pole,

And all the wheels of nature,
 Shall in a moment cease to roll.
 Then we shall see the Saviour
 With shining ranks of angels come,
 To execute his vengeance,
 And take his faithful servants home.

8. Then sinners you'll be driven,
 Down to the lake of fire and pain,
 To scream in flaming sulphur,
 And never to return again.
 Then sinners you'll remember me,
 Who warned you of that dreadful end,
 While the smoking of your torment,
 In pitchy clouds will up ascend,
-

SONG 55.

1. O ! JESUS my Saviour I know thou art mine ;
 For thee all the pleasures of earth I resign :
 Of objects most pleasing, I love thee the best ;
 Without thee I'm wretched, but with thee I'm
 blest.
2. For thee all the pleasures of sense I'll forego,
 And wander a pilgrim despised below :
 Thou art my rich treasure, my joy and my love,
 No richer possessed by the angels above.
3. Thy spirit first taught me to know I was blind ;
 Then taught me the way of salvation to find :
 For when I was sinking into black despair,
 My Jesus relieved me and bid me not fear.
4. In vain I attempt to describe what I feel—
 The language of mortals for ever must fail ;

My Jesus is precious, my soul's all on flame ;
I'm raised into rapture, while praising his name.

5. I find him in singing, I find him in prayer ;
In sweet meditation he always is near :
My constant companion, O ! may we ne'er part !
All glory to Jesus, he dwells in my heart.
6. If ever I loved, sure I love thee my Lord—
I love thy dear people, thy ways and thy word ;
I love all creation, I love sinners too,
Since Jesus has died to redeem them from wo.
7. When happy in Christ, I regard not the crowd,
Though sinners despise me for singing so loud :
For death shall soon call me, and then I shall fly,
To praise my dear Jesus in mansions on high.
8. There millions of ages my soul shall employ,
In praising my Jesus, my hope and my joy :
Where glorified spirits and angels around,
Shall all be delighted to join the glad sound.

SONG 56.

1. HARK ! brethren dear, the Lord is near—
We hear his children's voices ;
Sweet streams of love flow from above ;
Hear how each soul rejoices !
Their Saviour's come, their hearts make room,
Their soul's are all on fire ;
The sacred flame removes all shame,
While they their Lord admire.
2. The glorious sound rings all around ;
The babes in Christ are praising :

Conviction deep makes mourners weep—
 Hark ! how the shout is raising.
 What music this ! ' tis more than bliss
 To each sincere beholder ;
 With holy fear we stand and hear,
 And in the cause grow bolder.

3. Like times of old, it can't be told,
 The noise of joy from weeping ;
 The Lord has past, a look has cast
 On sinners who were sleeping.
 Hell trembles now—her pillars bow :
 Let Christian's be engaged !
 For Satan's near—his friends appear ;
 See how they are enraged.

4. To formal souls that are dead and cold,
 This seems like a delusion .
 And thus they say, how can we pray,
 Amidst this sore confusion ?
 They stand and gaze in deep amaze ;
 Unto this work they're strangers :
 The reasoning fiend draws off their mind,
 And hides from them their danger,

5. Will you oppose and weaken those
 Who are but young professors ?
 Think on the days when you could praise,
 When first you were possessors.
 You've lost your love : you plainly prove
 You've neither life nor power ;
 Or else those cries which pierce the skies,
 Could not your peace devour.

6. But lift your mind—the Lord is kind ;
 Let prayer ascend to heaven :
 May Christ in love come from above,
 And speak your sins forgiven.

You've turned aside and wandered wide,
 O! may you be reclaimed:
 And cease to oppose the work in those
 Whose soul's with love inflamed.

7. Sinners alarmed lay down your arms,
 And cease from persecution :
 Saints, watch and pray, both night and day,
 And guard against delusion.
 Mourners arise, lift up your eyes,
 And struggle for the blessing :
 Backsliders turn, or you must burn
 In torments never ceasing.
-

SONG 57.

1. FROM the regions of love, lo ! an angel de-
 scended,
 And told the strange news, how the babe was
 attended ;
 Go, shepherds, and visit this wonderful stranger;
 See yonder bright star, there's your God in a
 manger.

CHORUS.—Hallelujah to the Lamb, in whom
 we find pardon,
 We will perfectly praise him, when
 we pass over Jordan.

2. Glad tidings of joy, attend every nation ;
 I bring unto you, now behold your salvation !
 Transported with rapture, they raise their glad
 voices,
 And shout Hallelujah, while Heaven rejoices.

CHORUS.—Hallelujah, &c.,

3. All glory to God, in the highest be given,
 All glory to God, resounds through all Heaven;
 O! earth, join the chorus, repeat the glad story,
 And sing of his love, salvation, and glory.

CHORUS.—Hallelujah, &c.

4. In raptures I burn to join the blessed choir;
 Such love so divine, sets my soul all on fire;
 Around the bright throne, new hosannas are
 ringing,
 O! when shall I join them, and ever be singing.

CHORUS.—Hallelujah, &c.

5. The voice of free grace, cries escape to the
 mountain,
 For Adam's lost race, Christ has opened a foun-
 tain;
 From sin and transgression, and every pollution,
 His blood flows to cleanse us, in plenteous effu-
 sion.

CHORUS.—Hallelujah, &c.

6. This fountain of life, flows through the believer;
 It rises from Christ and becomes a great river;
 O! sinners, rush forward and drink from the
 fountain,
 Your sins shall be pardoned though high as a
 mountain.

CHORUS.—Hallelujah, &c.

7. O! Jesus, ride on, in thy chariot victorious,
 And conquer with love, make thy kingdom all
 glorious;
 Thy banner unfurl, let the nations surrender,
 And own thee, their Saviour, their God and de-
 fender.

CHORUS.—Hallelujah, &c.

8. O! Jesus, ride on, thy doings are glorious;
 Over sin, death and hell, O! make us victorious;
 Thy name shall be praised in the great congregation,
 And saints shall delight in ascribing salvation.
 CHORUS.—Hallelujah, &c.

9. When on Zion we stand, in the land of full
 blessing,
 With our harps in our hands we will praise
 without ceasing;
 We'll range the bless'd fields on the banks of
 the river,
 And sing Hallelujahs forever and ever.
 CHORUS.—Hallelujah, &c.
-

SONG 58.

1. LIFT up your hearts Emanuel's friends,
 And taste the pleasure Jesus sends;
 Let nothing cause you to delay,
 But hasten on the good old way.
2. Our conflicts here, though great they be,
 Shall not prevent our victory,
 If we but watch, and strive, and pray,
 Like soldiers in the good old way.
3. O! good old way, how sweet thou art;
 May none of us from thee depart;
 But may our actions always say,
 We're marching in the good old way.
4. Though Satan may his powers employ,
 Our happiness try to destroy,
 Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,
 And shout and sing the good old way.

5. And when on Pisgah's top we stand,
And view, by faith, the promised land;
Then we may sing, and shout and pray,
And march along the good old way.
 6. Ye valiant souls, for Heaven contend,
Remember Glory's at an end;
Our God will wipe all tears away.
When we have run the good old way.
 7. Then far beyond this mortal shore,
We'll meet with those who've gone before;
And shout to think we've gained the day,
By marching in the good old way.
-

SONG 59.

1. THE Lord has to his garden come,
The spices yield a rich perfume,
The lillies grow and thrive;
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flow the living vine,
And make each branch revive.
2. O! that this dry and barren ground,
With springs of water may abound,
And fruitful soil become;
The desert blossoms as a rose,
And Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.
3. The glorious day is rolling on,
That gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is ; -

I taste and know that grace is free,
And all mankind as well as me,
May come to Christ and live.

4. The worst of sinners hero may find,
A Saviour pitiful and kind,
Who will them all receive.
None are too vile who will repent,
Out of one sinner, legions went,
The Lord did him relieve.
5. If sinners only knew the Lord,
And would but only taste his word,
His sweet forgiving love ;
They'd rush through storms of every kind,
And leave all earthly cares behind,
To gain a crown above.
6. Come, brethren, you that love the Lord,
Who taste the sweets of Jesus' word,
In Jesus' ways go on,
Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.
7. We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the sparkling throne,
From Jesus' throne on high ;
It comes in floods we cant contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.
8. And when we come to dwell above,
And all surround a throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply.
Jesus will lead his ransomed forth,
To living streams of richest worth,
That never will run dry.

9. And then we'll shine, and shout and sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
When all the saints get home ;
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
We soon shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.
10. Amen, amen, my soul replies ;
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim a mansion there.
Now here's my heart and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

SONG 60.

1. REJOICE, my friends, the Lord is king,
Let all prepare to take him in ;
Let Jacob rise and Zion sing,
And all the world with praises ring,
And give to Jesus glory.
2. O ! may the saints of every name,
Unite to serve the bleeding Lamb ;
May jars and discords cease to flame ;
And all the Saviour's love proclaim,
And give to Jesus glory.
3. I long to see the Christians join
In union sweet and peace divine,
When every church with grace shall shine,
And grow in Christ the living vine,
And give to Jesus glory.

4. O ! may the desert lands rejoice,
And mourners hear the bridegroom's voice ;
While songs of praise each tongue employs,
And all obtain immortal joys,
And give to Jesus glory.
5. Come parents, children, bond and free,
Come will you go to heaven with me ?
That glorious land of rest to see,
And shout with me eternally.
And give to Jesus glory.
6. Come, who will march to win the prize ?
And take the kingdom in the skies,
Where love and union never dies,
But always flow through Paradise,
And there we'll give him glory.
7. My soul grows happy while I sing,
I feel that I am on the wing ;
I'll shout salvation to my King,
Till I to heaven my trophies bring,
And there we'll give him glory.
8. Those beauteous fields of living green,
Through faith, (the telescope,) are seen ;
Though Jordan's billows roll between,
We soon shall cross the narrow stream,
And there we'll give him glory.
9. A few more days of pain and wo,
A few more suffering scenes below,
And then to Jesus we shall go,
Where everlasting pleasures flow,
And there we'll give him glory.
10. That awful trumpet soon will sound,
And shake the vast creation round,

And call the nations under ground,
 And all the saints shall then be crowned,
 And give to Jesus glory.

11. Ten thousand thunders then will roll,
 And rend the globe from pole to pole ;
 How dreadful to the guilty soul ;
 But nothing shall the saints control,
 They'll give to Jesus glory.
12. Then we shall weep and part no more,
 When we have met on Canaan's shore,
 For Zion's warfare now is o'er,
 Such shouts were never heard before,
 And there we'll give him glory.
13. Their tears shall all be wiped away,
 And christians never go astray ;
 When we are freed from cumbrous clay
 We'll praise the Lord in endless day,
 And give to Jesus glory.
14. On Zion's brilliant mount we'll stand,
 And view that holy, heavenly land,
 With palms of victory in each hand,
 We'll shout with heaven's triumphant band,
 And give to Jesus glory.
15. There all the saints shall join in one,
 And sing with Moses round the throne,
 Their troubles are forever gone,
 They'll shine with God's eternal Son.
 And there we'll give him glory.
16. The rose and lilly there shall stand,
 In holy bloom at God's right hand ;
 O ! how I long for Canaan's land,
 And there to join the shouting band,
 And give to Jesus glory.

SONG 61.

1. SALVATION to Jesus, he's Zion's bright King;
O! God with thy praises let all the earth ring;
We hear from the east, from the west south and
north,
To conquer the nations, the Lord's going forth.
2. Salvation to Jesus, let all the world know,
He died to redeem us from sorrow and wo;
He rose to declare our justified state,
Come seek this salvation before it's too late.
3. Salvation to Jesus, he's now gone above,
Where he will prepare for us mansions of love;
He has sent down the comforter into the world,
And causes salvation from Zion to roll.
4. Salvation to Jesus, his mercy abounds,
And sinners take shelter in his precious wounds;
They're crying, and turning, and coming to God,
And finding redemption in Jesus' blood.
5. Salvation to Jesus, my soul is alive,
His word is now spreading, his work doth revive,
O! God, shake the nations until they submit,
And bow down with pleasure at Jesus' feet.
6. Salvation to Jesus, my soul's in a flame,
I rise in sweet rapture at the sound of his name,
Shout all the creation below and above,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus' love.
7. Salvation to Jesus, my soul's all on fire,
I feel I am rising but want to be higher,
O! angels, O! angels, come lend me your wings,
And I'll fly to my Jesus, the King of all kings.

8. Salvation to Jesus, he'll quickly appear,
In bright shining glory he's now drawing near,
I'm going, my brethren, to meet him above,
Where I shall eternally feast on his love.
 9. Salvation to Jesus, shall there be my song,
I'll meet all my brethren, around the white throne
With loud Hallelujahs all heaven shall ring,
Salvation, Salvation ! to Jesus my King.
-

SONG 62.

1. O ! JESUS, my Saviour, to thee I submit,
With love and thanksgiving fall down at thy feet;
The sacrifice offer, my soul, flesh and blood
To thee my redeemer, my Lord and my God.
2. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee my love,
I love thee my Saviour, I love thee my dove;
I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know;
But how much I love thee, I never shall show.
3. All human expressions are empty and vain,
They cannot unriddle the heavenly flame;
I'm sure, if the tongue of an angel I had,
I could not the mystery completely describe.
4. I'm happy, I'm happy, O ! wond'rous account !
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount;
I gaze on my treasure and long to be there,
With angels my kindred and Jesus my dear.
5. O ! Jesus my Saviour, in thee I am blest,
My life and my treasure, my joy and my rest;

Thy grace be my theme, and thy name be my song
 Thy love doth inspire both my heart and my
 tongue.

6. Thy fullness reveal, and thy promise fulfil,
 O! take and direct me to Zion's blest hill;
 There rapt in thy love, to rest in thy charms,
 With angels transported, and free from all harms.
7. O! who is like Jesus? he's Salem's bright king,
 He smiles and he loves me, and learns me to sing;
 I'll praise him, I'll praise him with notes loud
 and shrill,
 While rivers of pleasure my spirits do fill.

SONG 63.

1. HOSANNA to Jesus, I'm filled with his praises,
 Come, O! my dear brethren and help me to sing,
 No theme is so charming, no love is so warming,
 It gives joy and gladness, and comfort within.
2. Hosanna is ringing, O! how I love singing,
 There's nothing so sweet as the sound of his name
 The angels in glory, repeat the glad story
 Of Jesus' love, which is made unto men.
3. Hosanna to Jesus, who died to redeem us,
 I'll serve him and love him wherever I go;
 He's now gone to Heaven, the spirit is given
 To quicken and comfort his children below.
4. Hosanna forever, his grace like a river,
 Is rising and spreading all over the land:
 His love is unbounded, to all 'tis extended,
 And sinners are feeling the heavenly flame.

5. Hosanna to Jesus ; my soul how it pleases,
To see sinners falling and crying to God,
To see them now rising, 'tis truly surprising,
They've found peace and pardon in Jesus' blood.
 6. Hosanna is ringing, O! how they are singing,
The praises of Jesus, and tasting his love,
The sound goes to heaven, the spirit is given,
It rolls through my soul from the mansions above.
 7. Hosanna to Jesus, my soul feels him precious,
In sweet streams of glory, he comes from above;
My heart is now glowing, I feel his love flowing,
I'm sure that my Jesus I really do love.
 8. Hosanna is ringing, the saints now are singing,
And marching to glory, in bright royal bands ;
Come on my dear brethren, let's all go to heaven,
For Jesus invites us with crowns in his hands.
 9. Hosanna to Jesus my soul sweetly rises ;
I'll soon be transported to a happier clime,
When I shall see Jesus, and dwell on his praises,
And with him in glory eternally shine.
-

SONG 64.

1. Those beasts shall trace the world around,
Unto the earth's remotest bound,
And shall not weary in their flight,
Till they have filled the world with light.
2. When the sixth seal shall opened be,
Those four shall then cry, come and see ;
The seven trumpets then shall sound,
To wake God's children under ground.

2. O! what a loving Saviour!
 How ready to shew favor,
 To sinners like me, who have strayed from their
 God:

I, like a wretched scoffer,
 Refused every offer,
 But still he pursued with the cries of his blood.
 The law then did arrest me,
 My nature did oppress me,
 And all the sins that I had done
 Then sorely did distress me:
 But when the good Physician came,
 He healed my soul and blessed me;
 Then Jesus, Jesus, I found was my friend.

3. Not all this world's gay pleasure
 Affords such lasting treasure,
 As Jesus' love when we feel it to flow;
 Until our body's risen,
 We'll fear no bonds or prison,
 As Jesus looks down and he guards us below:
 Our Jesus he doth arm us,
 His spirit now doth warm us,
 And if to Jesus we prove true,
 No enemy can harm us:
 Should death invade our mortal frame,
 This never can alarm us,
 For Jesus, Jesus we find him our friend.

4. I am happy now in seeing,
 So many sinners fleeing,
 To Jesus whose ways are all pleasure and peace;
 Alone I shall not travel,
 In spite of men or devil,
 For daily I see their numbers increase,
 And Jesus is now pleading,
 His spirit's interceding,
 His ministers are gone to preach,

His kingdom they are spreading,
 They cry to all both great and small,
 Come sinners to the wedding,
 For Jesus, Jesus is our dearest friend.

SONG 82.

1. Our souls by love together knit,
 Cemented, joined in one,
 One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
 'Tis heaven on earth begun,
 Our hearts did burn while Jesus spake,
 And glowed with sacred fire;
 He stopped and talked, and fed and blessed,
 And filled the enlarged desire.
CHORUS.—A Saviour, let creation sing,
 A Saviour, let all heaven ring,
 He's God with us, we feel him ours,
 His fullness in our souls he pours;
 'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,
 We're joining those who're gone before
 We soon shall meet to part no more.

2. We're soldiers fighting for our God.
 Let trembling cowards fly;
 We'll stand unshaken, firm and fixed,
 With Christ to live and die.
 Let devils rail, and hell assail,
 We'll cut our passage through,
 Let foes unite and friends all fail,
 We'll seize the crown our due.
CHORUS.—A Saviour &c.

3. The little cloud increases fast,
 The heavens are big with rain,
 We haste to catch the teeming shower
 And all its moisture drain:
 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
 Yet pours the mighty flood ;
 O ! sweep the nations, shake the earth,
 ' Till all proclaim thee God.
 CHORUS.—A Saviour, &c.

4. And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
 And sett'st thy starry crown ;
 When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
 Proclaimed by thee thine own ;
 May we, a little band of love,
 Be sinners saved by grace,
 From glory into glory changed,
 Behold thee face to face.
 CHORUS.—A Saviour, &c.
-

SONG 83.

1. MY God, my heart with love inflame,
 That I may in thy holy name,
 Aloud in songs of praise rejoice,
 While I have breath to raise my voice ;
 Then will I shout, then will I sing ;
 And make the heavenly arches ring :
 I'll sing and shout for evermore,
 On that eternal happy shore.

2. O! hope of glory, Jesus come,
And make my heart thy constant home ;
For the short remnant of my days,
I want to shout and sing thy praise ;
Incessantly I want to pray,
And live rejoicing every day ;
And to give thanks in every thing,
And sing and shout, and shout and sing.

3. When on my dying bed I lay,
Lord give me strength to sing and pray ;
To praise thee with my latest breath,
Until my tongue is still in death ;
Then brethren, sisters, shouting, come,
My body follow to the tomb :
And as you march the solemn road,
Loud sing and shout the praise of God.

4. Then you below and I above,
We'll sing and shout the God we love,
Until that great tremendous day,
When he shall call our slumbering clay ;
Then from our dusty beds we'll spring,
And shout, O! Death, where is thy sting !
O! Grave, where is thy victory,
We'll shout through all eternity.

5. Our race is run, we've gained the prize :
Well done, the sovereign of the skies
Shall smiling to his children say,
Come reign with me in endless day :
Then on that happy, happy shore,
We'll sing and shout our sufferings o'er ;
We'll sing and shout, and shout and sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring.

6. Farewell, vain world, you're not my rest,
My soul enjoys the heavenly feast ;

4. Some more, my dear Saviour, now fall at thy feet
Oppressed by a burthen enormously great :
O! raise them, my Jesus, to tell of thy love,
And shout hallelujah with angels above.
 5. I'll sing, and I'll shout, and I'll shout and I'll sing,
O! God make the nations with praises to ring,
With loud acclamations of Jesus' love,
And carry us all to the city above.
 6. We'll wait for his chariot, it seems to draw near ;
O! come my dear Saviour, let glory appear ;
We long to be singing and shouting above,
With angels o'erwhelmed in Jesus' love.
-

SONG 68.

1. BESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From year to year my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.
2. How often have I seen
The healing waters move ;
And others round me stepping in,
Their efficacy prove.
3. But my complaints remain ;
I feel the very same,
As full of guilt and fear and pain,
As when at first I came.
4. O! would the Lord appear,
My malady to heal ;
He knows how long I've languished here,
And what distress I feel.

5. How often have I thought
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.
6. But whither can I go?
There is no other pool,
Where streams of sovereign virtue flow,
To make a sinner whole,
7. Here then from day to day,
I'll wait and hope and try;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die.
8. No; he is full of grace;
He never will permit
A soul that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

SONG 69.

1. I LOVE my blessed Saviour,
I feel I'm in his favor,
And I am his forever
If I but faithful prove;
And now I'm bound for Canaan,
I feel my sins forgiven,
And soon shall get to heaven
To sing of his love.
2. Poor sinners may deride me,
And unbelievers chide me,
But nothing shall divide me,
From Jesus my friend.

Supported by his power,
 I long to see the hour,
 That bids my spirit tower,
 And all my troubles end.

3. The pleasing time's hastening
 My tottering frame is wasting
 While I'm engaged in praising,
 Impelled by his love,
 When yonder shining orders
 Who sing on Canaan's borders
 Shall bear me to their Lord there,
 To praise him above.
4. My thirsty soul is panting,
 My body almost fainting,
 While praise and prayer are venting,
 From my feeble tongue.
 How ardent my desire,
 Lord Jesus, raise me higher,
 To join the holy choir,
 In that immortal song.
5. Farewell, I am bound for glory ;
 How pleasing is the story !
 Those shining worlds before me
 Invite me to be gone.
 Had I angels' pinions
 I'd range the bright dominions,
 And join the shining millions,
 Who're shouting round the throne.
6. The pleasing smile of Jesus,
 The rapturous sound increases,
 And tunes the heavenly voices
 Throughout the ethereal plains.
 My flesh and spirit failing,
 My soul in transports hailing,

Bright seraphs in their dwelling,
I sing immortal strains.

SONG 70.

1. A SOLDIER, Lord, thou hast me made,
Thou art my captain, king and head,
And under thee I still would fight,
The fight of faith, all in thy sight.
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
The ensign of our cause in God;
The soldier's Heavenly standard is,
And I will fight for King Jesus.
2. Lord grant me grace to wield thy word,
Thy spirit's powerful two edged sword,
To slay my foes where'er they be,
And claim the victory won by thee;
That I a faithful child may be
To stand and face the enemy;
And when the alarm's to call the Lord,
May pass the word unto the guard.
3. Thou art my guard, keep me I pray,
That I may walk the narrow way,
And from my duty ne'er depart,
But live to Christ, with all my heart;
Help me to keep my martial dress,
And march in the way of holiness;
O! make me pure and spotless too,
And fit to stand the grand review.
4. And when our General, Christ shall come,
With sound of trumpet not of drum,

And all our well dressed ranks shall stand,
 In full review at God's right hand,
 Our foes shall then be put to rout,
 Shall wheel from him to the left about ;
 While we march up the heavenly street,
 And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

3. And then the saints shall join and tell,
 How Jesus saved their souls from Hell ;
 Parents and children then will meet,
 Kindred and friends each other greet ;
 In streams of joy our souls shall roll,
 And shout God's praise from pole to pole ;
 O! how I long to be at rest,
 And lean on Jesus' loving breast.
-

SONG 71.

1. O! WHEN shall I see Jesus,
 And reign with him above ?
 And drink the flowing fountain
 Of everlasting love ?
 When shall I be delivered
 From this vain world of sin ?
 And with my blessed Jesus,
 Drink endless pleasures in.
2. But now I am a soldier,
 My Captain's gone before,
 He's given me my orders,
 And tells me not to fear.
 And if I hold out faithful,
 A crown of life he'll give,
 And all his valiant soldiers,
 Eternal life shall have.

3. Through grace I am determined
To conquer though I die,
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly,
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu ;
And you my friends prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.
4. And if you meet with trials,
And troubles on the way,
Cast all your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray ;
Gird on the gospel armour,
Of faith and hope and love,
And when the combat's ended,
You'll reign with him above.
5. O ! do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend ;
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend :
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though oftentimes you request,
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you up to rest.
6. Farewell, my Christian brethren,
I'm going home to God,
To see my blessed Jesus
Who bought me with his blood ;
There I'll sit and praise him ;
A crown he's bought for me,
And sing the song of Moses,
To all eternity.

SONG 72.

1. SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings ;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings :
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.
2. In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new :
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Even let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.
3. It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through ;
Who gives the lillies clothing,
Will clothe his people too :
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed :
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.
4. Though vine nor fig tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there :
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice ;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

SONG 73.

1. BRIGHT scenes of glory strike my sense,
 And all my passions capture ;
 Eternal beauties round me shine,
 Infusing warmest raptures.
 I dive in pleasures deep and full,
 In swelling waves of glory,
 And feel my Saviour in my soul,
 And groan to tell my story.

2. I feast on honey, milk and wine,
 I drink perpetual sweetness ;
 Mount Zion's odors through me shine,
 While Christ unfolds his glory.
 No mortal tongue can shew my joys,
 Nor can an angel tell them ;
 Ten thousand times surpassing all
 Terrestrial worlds or emblems.

3. My captivated spirits fly,
 Through shining worlds of beauty ;
 Dissolved in blushes loud I cry,
 In praises loud and mighty.
 And here I'll sing and swell the strains,
 Of harmony delighted,
 And with the millions learn the notes,
 Of saints in Christ united.

4. The bliss that rolls through those above,
 Through those in glory seated,
 Which causes them loud songs to sing,
 Ten thousand times repeated ;
 Dart through my soul in radiant flames ;
 Constraining loudest praises,
 O'erwhelming all my powers with joys,
 While all within me blazes.

5. When earth and seas shall be no more,
 And all their glory perish,
 When sun and moon shall cease to shine,
 And stars at midnight languish,
 My joys refined shall higher shine,
 Mount heaven's radiant glory,
 And tell through one eternal day,
 Love's all immortal story.
-

SONG 74.

1. THERE is a holy city,
 A happy world above,
 Beyond the starry regions,
 Built by the God of love ;
 An everlasting temple,
 And saints arrayed in white ;
 They serve their great Redeemer,
 They dwell with him in light.
2. This is no world of trouble,
 The God of peace is there ;
 He wipes away their sorrows,
 He banishes their care ;
 Their joys are still increasing,
 Their songs are ever new ;
 They praise the eternal Father,
 The Son and Spirit too.
3. The meanest child of glory
 Outshines the radiant sun ;
 But who can speak the splendor
 Of that eternal throne,
 Where Jesus sits exalted,
 In godlike majesty ?

The elders fall before him ,
The angels bend the knee.

4. Is this the man of sorrows,
Who stood at Pilate's bar,
Condemned by haughty Herod,
And by his men of war ?
He seems a mighty conquerer,
Who spoiled the powers below,
And ransomed many captives
From everlasting wo.

5. The hosts of saints around him,
Proclaim his works of grace ;
The patriarchs and prophets,
And all the Godly race ;
Who speak of fiery trials
And tortures on their way :
They came from tribulation,
To everlasting day.

6. Now with a holy transport,
They tell their sufferings o'er ;
Their tears and their temptations,
And all the pains they bore ;
They turn and bow to Jesus,
Who gained their liberty :
Amidst our fiercest dangers,
Our lives are hid in thee !

7. Long time I was invited
To gain that heavenly rest ;
Grace made no hard condition,
'Twas only to be bless'd ;
But earth's bewitching pleasures
Inclined me long to stay ;
I sought her dreams and shadows,
And joys that pass away.

8. But now it is my purpose,
The better way to find ;
To serve my great Creator,
And leave my sins behind ;
In guilt's seducing mazes,
I will no longer roam ;
I'll give my soul to Jesus,
Who brings the ransomed home.
 9. And what shall be my journey,
How long I'll stay below,
Or what shall be my trials,
Are not for me to know :
In every day of trouble,
I'll raise my thoughts on high ;
I'll think of the bright temple,
And crowns above the sky.
-

SONG 75.

1. COME, you that know the Lord indeed,
Who are from sin and bondage freed,
Submit to all the ways of God,
And walk the narrow happy road.
2. Great tribulation you shall meet,
But soon shall walk the golden street ;
Though hell may rage and vent her spite,
Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.
3. The happy day will soon appear,
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear,
Sound through the earth and down to hell,
To call the nations great and small.

4. Behold the righteous marching home,
And all the angels bid them come ;
While Christ the Judge with joy proclaims,
“ Here come my Saints, I own their names.”
5. “ Ye everlasting doors fly wide,
Make room now to receive my bride,
Ye harps in heaven sound aloud,
Here comes the purchase of my blood.
6. In grandeur see the royal line,
In glittering robes the sun outshine !
See Saints and Angels join in one,
And march in splendor to the throne !
7. They stand with wonder and look on ;
They join in one eternal song,
The great Redeemer to admire,
While raptures set their souls on fire.

SONG 76.

1. O! THOU in whose presence my soul takes
delight,
On whom in affliction I call ;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.
- 2, Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy
sheep,
To feast on the pastures of love ?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove ?

3. O! why do I wander an alien from thee,
Or pine in a desert for bread?
My foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
4. Ye daughters of Zion declare, have you seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
Or where with his flocks he is gone?
5. This is my beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odours around;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine
When autumn with plenty is crowned.
6. His garment of righteousness who can describe?
His purity, words would defile;
The heavens, from his presence, fresh beauties
imbibe,
And earth is made rich with his smile.
7. The roses of Sharon, the lillies that grow
In the vale, on the banks of the streams;
On his cheeks, in the beauty of excellence glow,
His eyes are as quivers of beams.
8. His soul-cheering presence disperses the night,
When pleased he looks down from above;
Like the morn when it breaks from the man-
sions of light,
And comforts his people with love.
9. But when armed with terror, in vengeance he
comes,
The nations rebellious to tame,
The reins of Omnipotent power he assumes,
And rides on a chariot of flame.

10. A two-edged sword from his mouth issues forth,
Bright quivers of fire are his eyes ;
He speaks, the black tempests are seen in the
north,
And storms from their caverns arise.
11. He looks and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word ;
He speaks, and eternity filled with his voice
Re-echoes the praise of its Lord.
12. His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace ;
From which their salvation the Gentiles may
know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.
13. Ten thousand destructions that wait for his
word,
And ride on the wings of his breath,
Fly swift as the wind, at the nod of their Lord,
And deal out his arrows of death.
14. His cloud-bursting thunders their voices resound
And expand from the regions on high,
'Till from the deep centre, loud echoes rebound,
And meet the quick flames in the sky.
15. The portals of heaven his bidding obey,
And expand ere his banners appear :
Earth trembles beneath, till her mountains give
way,
And hell shakes his fetters with fear.
16. When he treads on the clouds as the dust of
his feet,
And grasps the black storms in his hand ;

What eye the fierce glance of his anger can
 meet,
 Or who in its presence can stand ?

SONG 77.

1. AT the close of day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove;
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the
 hill,
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the
 grove:
 'Twas then by the cave of the mountain afar,
 A hermit his song of the night thus began ;
 No more with himself or with nature at war,
 He thought as a sage while he felt as a man.

2. Ah ! why thus abandoned to darkness and wo,
 Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain,
 For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
 And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.
 Yet if pity inspires thee, ah ! cease not thy lay,
 Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to
 mourn ;
 O ! sooth him, whose pleasures like thine pass
 away—
 Full quickly they pass, but they never return.

3. Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
 The Moon half extinguished her crescent dis-
 plays ;
 But lately I marked when majestic on high,
 She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze,

Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
 The path that conducts thee to splendor again—
 But man's faded glory no change shall renew ;
 Ah! fool, to exult in a glory so vain !

4. 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more,
 I mourn, but ye woodlands, I mourn not for you
 For morn is approaching, your charms to re-
 store,

Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering
 with dew !

Nor yet for the ravage of winter mourn :
 Kind nature the embryo blossom will save,
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn ;
 O ! when shall it dawn in the night of the grave ?

5. 'Twas thus by the glare of false science be-
 trayed,
 That leads, to bewilder, and dazzles to blind ;
 My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward
 to shade

Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
 O! pity, great Father of light, then I cried,
 Thy creature who fain would not wander from
 thee ;

Lo! humble, in dust, I relinquish my pride,
 From doubt and from darkness thou only can'st
 free.

6. And darkness and doubt are now flying away ;
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn ;
 So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
 See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph descend-
 ing,

And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !
 On the cold cheek of death, smiles and roses
 are blending,

And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

SONG 78.

1. ARISE, O ! Zion, rise and shine,
Behold thy light is come ;
Thy glorious conquering king is near,
To take his exiles home.
His trumpet's sounding through the sky,
To set poor captives free—
The day of wonder now is come,
The year of Jubilee.
2. Ye heralds blow your trumpets loud,
The earth shall know her doom ;
Go spread the news from pole to pole,
Behold the judge is come ;
Blow out the sun, burn up the earth,
Consume the rolling flood ;
While every star shall disappear,
Go turn the moon to blood.
3. Arise, ye nations under ground,
Before the Judge appear ;
All tongues and languages shall come,
Their final doom to hear.
King Jesus on his dazzling throne,
Ten thousand angels round ;
And Gabriel with a silver trump,
Echoes an awful sound.
4. The glorious news of gospel grace,
To sinners now is o'er ;
The trump in Zion now is still,
And to be heard no more.
The watchmen all have left their walls,
And with their flocks above,
On Canaan's happy shore they sing,
And shout redeeming love.

SONG 79.

1. COME all my brethren in the Lord,
 Whose hearts are joined in one ;
 Hold up your heads, with courage bold ;
 Your race is almost run—
 Above the clouds behold him stand,
 And smiling bid you come ;
 And angels whispering you away,
 To your eternal home.

2. A pilgrim on his dying bed,
 With glory in his soul,
 Upward he lifts his longing eyes,
 Towards the blissful goal ;
 While friends and children weep around,
 And loathe to let him go,
 He shouts with his expiring breath,
 And leaves them all below.

3. O! christians are you ready now,
 To cross the rolling flood ?
 On Canaan's happy shore, behold
 And see your smiling God.
 The dazzling charms of those bright worlds,
 Attracts my soul above ;
 My tongue shall shout redeeming grace,
 When perfected in love.

4. Go on, my brethren in the Lord,
 I'm bound to meet you there ;
 Although we tread enchanted ground,
 Be bold and never fear.
 Fight on, fight on ye valiant souls,
 The land appears in view ;
 I hope to gain sweet Canaan's shore,
 And there to meet with you.

5. Salvation to our conquering King,
 Then let the echo rise ;
 While the repeat is sung above,
 By armies in the skies.
 O! christians help me praise the Lamb,
 Who died for you and me ;
 We'll sing his praises as we go,
 And shout eternally.

 6. Farewell my brethren in the Lord,
 Until we meet again ;
 Perhaps in time, or as we rise,
 Above the fiery main,
 We'll join the royal armies bright,
 In presence of the Lamb ;
 We'll tune our harps, and sing free grace,
 In love's eternal flame.
-

SONG 80.

1. ALMIGHTY love, inspire my heart with pure
 desire,
 Until the sacred fire, my soul does renew :
 I love the blessed Jesus, on whom all heaven
 gazes,
 And symphony increases above the ethereal blue.

2. My tender hearted Jesus, thy love my soul
 amazes,
 Who came from heaven to save us, when lost
 and undone ;
 No angel could redeem us, no seraph could re-
 trieve us,
 No arm could relieve us, but Jesus' alone.

3. In him I have believed, he has my soul re-
trieved,
From sin he has redeemed my spirit lost and
dead,
And now I love my Saviour, for I am in his fa-
vour,
And hope with him forever the golden streets
to tread.
4. Yet here awhile I stay, in hope of that glad
day,
When I am called away, to the mansions above;
There to enjoy the treasure, of unconsuming
pleasure,
And shout in highest measure, Hallelujahs of
love.

SONG 81.

1. I AM on my way to Heaven ;
My sins are all forgiven ;
How thankful, thankful, thankful am I ;
Down from the holy city,
The Lord did look in pity,
And mercy, mercy he sent from the sky.
My great burthen to lighten,
My evidence to brighten,
And to reveal his love to me,
And thus my joys to heighten ;
Should earth and hell against me join,
My soul they cannot frighten,
For Jesus, Jesus, I find him my friend.

2. O! what a loving Saviour!
 How ready to shew favor,
 To sinners like me, who have strayed from their
 God:
 I, like a wretched scoffer,
 Refused every offer,
 But still he pursued with the cries of his blood.
 The law then did arrest me,
 My nature did oppress me,
 And all the sins that I had done
 Then sorely did distress me:
 But when the good Physician came,
 He healed my soul and blessed me;
 Then Jesus, Jesus, I found was my friend.
3. Not all this world's gay pleasure
 Affords such lasting treasure,
 As Jesus' love when we feel it to flow;
 Until our body's risen,
 We'll fear no bonds or prison,
 As Jesus looks down and he guards us below:
 Our Jesus he doth arm us,
 His spirit now doth warm us,
 And if to Jesus we prove true,
 No enemy can harm us:
 Should death invade our mortal frame,
 This never can alarm us,
 For Jesus, Jesus we find him our friend.
4. I am happy now in seeing,
 So many sinners fleeing,
 To Jesus whose ways are all pleasure and peace;
 Alone I shall not travel,
 In spite of men or devil,
 For daily I see their numbers increase,
 And Jesus is now pleading,
 His spirit's interceding,
 His ministers are gone to preach,

His kingdom they are spreading,
They cry to all both great and small,
Come sinners to the wedding,
For Jesus, Jesus is our dearest friend.

SONG 82.

1. Our souls by love together knit,
Cemented, joined in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun,
Our hearts did burn while Jesus spake,
And glowed with sacred fire;
He stopped and talked, and fed and blessed,
And filled the enlarged desire.

CHORUS.—A Saviour, let creation sing,
A Saviour, let all heaven ring,
He's God with us, we feel him ours,
His fullness in our souls he pours ;
'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,
We're joining those who're gone before
We soon shall meet to part no more.

2. We're soldiers fighting for our God.
Let trembling cowards fly ;
We'll stand unshaken, firm and fixed,
With Christ to live and die.
Let devils rail, and hell assail,
We'll cut our passage through,
Let foes unite and friends all fail,
We'll seize the crown our due.

CHORUS.—A Saviour &c.

3. The little cloud increases fast,
 The heavens are big with rain,
 We haste to catch the teeming shower
 And all its moisture drain :
 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
 Yet pours the mighty flood ;
 O! sweep the nations, shake the earth,
 'Till all proclaim thee God.
 CHORUS.—A Saviour, &c.

4. And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
 And sett'st thy starry crown ;
 When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
 Proclaimed by thee thine own ;
 May we, a little band of love,
 Be sinners saved by grace,
 From glory into glory changed,
 Behold thee face to face.
 CHORUS.—A Saviour, &c.

SONG 83.

- I. MY God, my heart with love inflame,
 That I may in thy holy name,
 Aloud in songs of praise rejoice,
 While I have breath to raise my voice ;
 Then will I shout, then will I sing ;
 And make the heavenly arches ring :
 I'll sing and shout for evermore,
 On that eternal happy shore.

2. O! hope of glory, Jesus come,
And make my heart thy constant home;
For the short remnant of my days,
I want to shout and sing thy praise;
Incessantly I want to pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
And to give thanks in every thing,
And sing and shout, and shout and sing.
3. When on my dying bed I lay,
Lord give me strength to sing and pray;
To praise thee with my latest breath,
Until my tongue is still in death;
Then brethren, sisters, shouting, come,
My body follow to the tomb:
And as you march the solemn road,
Loud sing and shout the praise of God.
4. Then you below and I above,
We'll sing and shout the God we love,
Until that great tremendous day,
When he shall call our slumbering clay;
Then from our dusty beds we'll spring,
And shout, O! Death, where is thy sting!
O! Grave, where is thy victory,
We'll shout through all eternity.
5. Our race is run, we've gained the prize:
Well done, the sovereign of the skies
Shall smiling to his children say,
Come reign with me in endless day:
Then on that happy, happy shore,
We'll sing and shout our sufferings o'er;
We'll sing and shout, and shout and sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring.
6. Farewell, vain world, you're not my rest,
My soul enjoys the heavenly feast;

No more shall thy deceiving charms,
Thrust my dear Saviour from my arms ;
Then will we sing in sweet accord,
And be forever with the Lord :
Let earth and heaven pass away,
Jesus is mine to endless day.

SONG 84.

1. From whence does this union arise,
That hatred is conquered by love ?
It fastens our souls with such ties,
That distance nor time can't remove.
2. It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a Paradise lost ;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.
3. My friends once so dear unto me,
Our souls so united in love ;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be
In yonder blest mansions above.
4. Why are we so loth then to part ?
Since there we shall soon meet again ;
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At a distance we cannot remain.
5. And when we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
Set free from our prisons of clay,
United in Jesus' love.

6. With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glory shall see,
Singing hallelujahs, Amen;
Amen ! even so let it be.
-

SONG 85.

1. O ! may I worthy prove to see,
The saints in full prosperity :
To see the bright, the glittering bride,
Close seated by her Saviour's side.

CHORUS.—And I'll sing glory, glory,
And glory be to God on high;
And I'll sing glory, glory,
And shout salvation as I fly.

2. O ! may I find some humble seat,
Beneath my dear Redeemer's feet ;
Where I may sit and humbly sing,
Salvation to my glorious King.

CHORUS.—And I'll sing, &c.

3. I'm glad that I am born to die ;
From grief and wo my soul shall fly ;
Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to new Jerusalem.

CHORUS.—And I'll sing, &c.

4. I'll praise my maker while I've breath,
I hope to praise him after death,
I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.

CHORUS.—And I'll sing, &c.

5. Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come ;
Sweet angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day.

CHORUS.—And I'll sing, &c.

6. I soon shall pass the vale of death,
And in his arms I'll lose my breath !
And then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

CHORUS.—And I'll sing, &c.

7. I soon shall hear the awful sound,
Awake ye nations under ground ;
Arise and drop your dying shrouds,
And meet king Jesus in the clouds.

CHORUS.—And I'll sing, &c.

8. When to that blessed world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies,
This note above the rest shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

CHORUS.—And I'll sing, &c.

9. Then shall I see my smiling God,
And praise him in his bright abode ;
My theme through all eternity,
Shall glory, glory, glory be.

CHORUS.—And I'll sing, &c.

SONG 86.

1. Now have I found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor shall remain,

The wounds of Jesus for my sin,
 Before the world's foundation slain ;
 Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
 When heaven and earth are fled away.

2. Father, thine everlasting grace,
 Our scanty thoughts surpasses far ;
 Thy heart still melts with tenderness,
 Thy arms of love still open are,
 Returning sinners to receive
 That mercy they may taste and live.

3. O ! love, thou bottomless abyss !
 My sins are swallowed up in thee ;
 Covered is my unrighteousness,
 Nor spot of guilt remains in me :
 While Jesus' blood through earth and skies
 Mercy free, boundless mercy cries.

4. With faith I plunge me in the sea :
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest ;
 Hither, when hell assails I flee,
 I look into my Saviour's breast :
 Away sad doubt and anxious care,
 Mercy is all that's written there.

5. Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
 Though strength and health and friends be gone,
 Though joys be withered all and dead,
 Though every comfort be withdrawn ;
 On this my steadfast soul relies,
 Father, thy mercy never dies.

6. Fixed on this ground will I remain
 Though my heart fail and flesh decay ;
 This anchor shall my soul sustain
 When earth's foundations melt away ;
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
 Loved with an everlasting love !

SONG 87.

1. Mixture of joy and sorrow,

I daily do pass through,
 Sometimes I'm in the valley,
 Then sinking down with wo.

CHORUS.—Worthy, worthy, worthy is the lamb,
 Worthy is the Lamb of God,
 That taketh away the sins of the world.

2. Sometimes I am exalted,

On eagle's wings I fly,
 Rising above mount Pisgah,
 I almost reach the sky.

CHORUS.—Worthy, &c.

3. Sometimes my hopes are little,

I almost lay them by,
 Sometimes they are sufficient,
 If I were called to die.

CHORUS.—Worthy, &c.

4. Sometimes I am in doubting,

And think I have no grace,
 At other times I'm shouting,
 And Bethel is the place.

CHORUS.—Worthy, &c.

5. Sometimes I shun the christian,

For fear he'll talk to me,
 Sometimes he is my neighbor,
 I long the most to see.

CHORUS.—Worthy, &c.

6. Sometimes we meet together,

In seasons dry and dull;
 Sometimes I find a blessing,
 Of joy that fills my soul.

CHORUS.—Worthy, &c.

7. Sometimes I am oppressed,
 By Pharaoh's cruel band,
 Sometimes I look o'er Jordan,
 And view the promised land.
 CHORUS.—Worthy, &c.

8. Sometimes I am in darkness,
 And sometimes in the light ;
 Sometimes my soul on wings of faith,
 Ascends in lofty flight.
 CHORUS.—Worthy, &c.

9. Sometimes I go mourning,
 Down Babylon's cold stream ;
 Sometimes my Lord's religion,
 Appears to be my theme.
 CHORUS.—Worthy, &c.

10. Sometimes when I am praying,
 It almost seems a task ;
 Sometimes I find a blessing,
 The greatest I can ask.
 CHORUS.—Worthy, &c.

11. Sometimes I read my bible,
 It seems a sealed book ;
 Sometimes I find a blessing,
 Wherever I do look.
 CHORUS.—Worthy, &c.

12. Sometimes I go to meeting,
 And wish I'd staid at home ;
 Sometimes I find my Jesus,
 And then I gladly come.
 CHORUS.—Worthy, &c.

13. O ! how am I thus tossed,
 Thus tossed to and fro ;

How are my hopes thus crossed,
Wherever I do go.

CHORUS.—Worthy, &c.

14. O! Lord, thou never changest,
It is because I stray;
Lord guide me by thy spirit,
And keep me in the way.

CHORUS.—Worthy, &c.

SONG 88.

1. JESUS at thy command,
I launch into the deep;
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep.
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.
2. Thou art my pilot wise;
My compass is thy word:
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord?
I'll trust thy faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.
3. Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie;
Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guide me with his eye;
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
And every boisterous storm outride.

4. By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest ;
My soul thy sails expand,
And sail to Jesus' breast !
O ! may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more !
 5. Whene'er becalmed I lie,
And storms forbear to toss ;
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss ;
For more the treacherous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.
 6. Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace,
Waft me from below,
To heaven my destined place !
Then in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.
-

SONG 89.

1. HOLY God and hast thou sent
Me here to preach this day ;
O ! baptise my soul with fire,
And point me out the way :
While I draw the gospel bow,
Jesus, let thine arrows fly ;
May each sinner, feel this day,
That Christ for him did die.

2. Lord, we have assembled here,
 To hear what thou would'st say,
 Some came from the east and west,
 Yea, north and south to pray;
 If I'm sent to preach thy word,
 Holy God, display thy power!
 May we have a Pentecost,
 A sweet refreshing shower.

3. Sinners, Lord, are trembling now,
 Their tears are trickling down;
 Keen convictions dress their brow,
 While they behold thy frown:
 Glory, glory be to Jesus,
 At his name our hearts do leap;
 He both comforts us and frees us:
 The good shepherd feeds his sheep.

4. Here's the prince of your salvation,
 Saying, fear not little flock,
 I myself am your foundation,
 You are built upon this rock;
 Shun the path of vice and folly,
 Scale the mount although 'tis steep,
 Look to me and be ye holy,
 I delight to feed my sheep.

5. Christ alone whose merit saves us,
 Taught by him we'll own his name:
 Sweetest of all names is Jesus,
 How it doth our souls inflame:
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Give him glory he will keep,
 He will clear your way before you,
 The good shepherd feeds his sheep.

SONG 90.

1. THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found ;
They softly lie and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.
2. The storm that wrecks the winter sky,
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.
3. I long to lay this painful head,
And aching heart beneath the soil ;
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.
4. For misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild ;
I perish—O! my mother earth !
Take home thy child.
5. On thy dear lap these limbs reclined,
Shall gently moulder into thee,
Nor leave one wretched trace behind,
Resembling me.
6. Hark ! a strange voice affrights mine ear ;
My pulse, my brain runs wild, I rave ;
Ah ! who art thou whose voice I hear ?
“ I am the Grave !
7. “ The Grave, that never spake before,
Hath found at last a tongue to chide ;
O ! listen, I will speak no more ;
Be silent, pride !
8. “ Art thou a wretch of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care ?

Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair ?

9. " Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast ?
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest ?
10. " Lashed by the furies of the mind,
From wrath and vengeance would'st thou flee ?
Ah ! think not, hope not, fool to find
A friend in me.
11. " By all the terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the powers of tongue to tell !
By the dread secrets of my womb !
By death and hell.
12. " I charge thee live ! repent and pray ;
In dust thy infamy deplore ;
There yet is mercy ! go thy way,
And sin no more.
13. " Art thou a mourner ? hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights ?
Endearing days forever flown
And tranquil nights ?
14. " O ! live, and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past :
Rely on heaven's unchanging will
For peace at last.
15. " Art thou a wanderer ? hast thou seen
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark ?
A shipwrecked sufferer hast thou been,
Misfortune's mark ?

16. " Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemned in wretchedness to roam,
Live ! thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

17. " To friendship didst thou trust thy fame,
And was thy friend a deadly foe ?
Who stole into thy breast to aim
A surer blow ?

18. " Live ! and repine not o'er his loss,
A loss unworthy to be told ;
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
For friendship's gold.

19. " Go, seek that treasure seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

20. " In woman hast thou placed thy bliss,
And did the fair one faithless prove ?
Hath she betrayed thee with a kiss,
And sold thy love ?

21. " Live ! ' twas a false, bewildering fire,
Too often love's insidious art
Thrills the fond soul with sweet desire,
But kills the heart.

22. " A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,
A brighter maiden's virtuous charms !
Blest shalt thou be, supremely blest
In beauty's arms.

23. " Whate'er thy lot, where'er thou be,
Confess thy folly, kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.

24. " A bruised reed he will not break ;
Afflictions all his children feel ;
He wounds them for his mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal.
25. " Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate, his providence adore :
'Tis done ! arise ! he bids thee stand,
And fall no more.
26. " Now, traveller, in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.
27. There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found ;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep,
Low in the ground.
28. " The soul of origin divine,
God's glorious image freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day.
29. " The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky ;
The soul, immortal as its sire,
Shall never die."

SONG 91.

1. BEHOLD ! the warlike trumpets blow,
When foes in arms appear,
To let the sons of freedom know,
The day of battle's near.

2. Christ's trumpet sounds, let saints be armed,
The battle is begun ;
The hosts of Satan are alarmed,
The day will soon be won.
3. The glorious captain, Jesus sends,
The heralds of his might,
To search and find who are his friends,
And who will list to fight.
4. The gospel calls for volunteers,
To come with sword in hand :
Where is there one for Christ appears,
Against the foe to stand ?
5. Here's bounty money shall be given,
To all his soldiers here,
And glorious crowns and joy in heaven,
When Jesus shall appear.
6. Here's dress and food, and drink and arms,
And pay and victory sure ;
This, every Christian soldier charms,
And makes him war endure.
7. The captain never quits the field ;
But fights before his men,
Until his foes are made to yield,
Or fall among the slain.
8. His foes can neither stand nor fly,
Where he appears in sight ;
But none of those shall ever die,
Who in his army fight.
9. Here, Lord, behold ! I set my name,
A soldier I will be ;
Thy gracious promises I claim,
And give myself to thee.

10. He did, and does, and always will,
 Maintain his armies well,
 And save them from temptation's snare
 And after death from hell,
-

SONG 92.

1. THIS day my soul has caught on fire ;
 I feel that heaven is drawing nigher ;
 I long to quit this cumbrous clay,
 And shout with saints in endless day.
2. When Christians pray the devil runs,
 And leaves the field to Zion's sons ;
 One single saint can put to flight,
 Ten thousand blustering sons of night.
3. Ye little Sampsons up and try,
 To chase Philistines till you die :
 The troops of hell are mustering round,
 But Zion still is gaining ground.
4. The hottest fire is now begun,
 Come, stand the fire till it is won ;
 Some foes are wounded, others fell,
 Fight on and save the rest from hell.
5. When Israel came to Jericho,
 Began to pray, to shout and blow,
 The towering walls came tumbling down,
 Like thunder flat upon the ground.

6. See Gideon marching out to fight,
And had no weapons but his light ;
He took his pitcher and his lamp,
And stormed with ease the Midian's camp,
7. The Hebrews in the dreadful flame,
Found Zion's King was still the same ;
Young David's weapon seemed but dull,
Yet broke Goliath's brazen skull.
8. Our God who conquers death and sin,
Will smile and say my saints come in ;
You've fought through many a battle sore,
But now you'll reign for evermore.
9. All glory, glory to the Lamb ;
Through all my soul I feel the flame ;
O ! had I wings like Noah's dove,
I soon would shout with those above.

SONG 93.

1. FAREWELL, farewell, fare you well
My friends I must be gone :
I have no home or stay with you ;
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world can view.
Farewell, farewell, fare you well,
My loving friends, farewell.
2. Farewell, farewell, fare you well,
My friends, time rolls along,

Nor waits for mortal care or bliss ;
 I leave you here and travel on !
 Till I arrive where Jesus is.
 Farewell, &c.

3. Farewell, farewell, fare you well
 My brethren in the Lord ;
 To you I'm bound with cords of love ;
 Yet we believe his gracious word,
 Ere long we all shall meet above.
 Farewell, &c.

4. Farewell, farewell, fare you well
 Old soldiers of the cross,
 You've struggled long and hard for heaven,
 You've counted all things else but loss,
 Fight on, the crown will soon be given ;
 Fight on, fight on, fight on,
 The crown will soon be given.

5. Farewell, farewell, fare you well
 You blooming sons of God ;
 Sore conflicts yet remain for you,
 Yet dauntless keep the heavenly road,
 Till Canaan's happy land you view.
 Farewell, &c.

6. Farewell, farewell, fare you well
 Poor careless sinners too,
 It grieves my soul to leave you here ;
 Eternal vengeance waits for you :
 O ! turn and find salvation near.
 O ! turn, O ! turn, O ! turn,
 And find salvation near.

SONG 94.

1. COME, all you longing pilgrims, hear
The joyful news I'll tell,

The Lord has brought salvation near,
To save our souls from hell.

'Twas angels brought the tidings down,
To shepherds in the field,

That God with men is reconciled,
His son's to them revealed.

CHORUS.—Sing glory, honor to the Lord,
Salvation to our King;
Let all that's washed in Jesus' blood
His glorious praises sing.

2. Come, mourning and afflicted souls,

Draw near to God by prayer,
Where Christ his boundless love unfolds,
He says he'll meet us there.

His glorious presence fills our souls

With songs of loudest praise;

Let all that want a Saviour dear,
Their hearts and voices raise.

CHORUS.—Sing glory, &c.

3. There's glory, glory in my soul,

It comes from Heaven above,
Which makes me praise my God so bold,
And his dear children love.

I'll serve the bleeding Lamb of God,
I love his ways so well,

Because his precious blood was spilt,
To save my soul from hell.

CHORUS.—Sing glory, &c.

4. The blessed Mary went to seek,
Her Lord entombed in stone,

The napkin and the sheet she found,
 Together in the tomb.
 An angel said he is not here,
 He's risen from the dead;
 And streams of grace for sinners flowed,
 As free as did his blood.

CHORUS.—All glory, glory to my King,
 He is now upon his throne,
 Inviting strangers home to God
 And claims them for his own.

SONG 95.

1. MY brethren all, on you I call,
 Arise and look around you;
 How many foes, bound to oppose,
 Are waiting to confound you;
 The trumpet calls, on Zion's walls,
 Shake off your sleep and slumber;
 Arise and pray, we'll win the day,
 Though we are few in number.
2. As we draw nigh, objects fly,
 Like peals of loudest thunder;
 The voice of prayer, makes sinners stare,
 They're filled with awe and wonder.
 While music sweet, makes some retreat,
 Our Jesus draws still nigher;
 His precious name lights up the flame,
 That sets our souls on fire.

3. While grace divine in others shine,
With such we are delighted ;
With them we crowd, and sing so loud,
Poor sinners are affrighted :
The sweetest joy our powers employ,
To see the cause advancing,
Though some go off, and boldly scoff,
And say that we are dancing.
4. Some mournfully for mercy cry,
And stubborn hearts are bended ;
If we but smile they say we're wild,
And so go off offended :
If souls are born we'll bear the scorn,
Let sinners tell their story,
For Jesus' name, we'll bear the shame,
And give him all the glory.
5. When some desert, it pains my heart,
To think the cause is wounded ;
But let them go, true Christians know,
That they are not confounded.
They'll end their race, and find a place,
With Satan their old master ;
Their race is run, let us press on,
We'll go to heaven the faster.
6. But as we fly, we'll always cry
To God for their salvation :
O! God of love, send from above,
And save this wicked nation.
Thy spirit send, their hearts to rend,
Arrest them with thy thunder ;
Let sweetest songs employ their tongues
While filled with joy and wonder.
7. The outward blaze, sometimes decays,
Some Christians seem contented ;

The world is sure, the work is o'er,
 They'll be no more tormented.
 Some are afraid the spirit's fled,
 While others are offended ;
 But never fear, we'll persevere ;
 The warfare is not ended.

8. To man unknown the seed is sown,
 We'll overcome temptation ;
 The cross we'll bear, let's not despair,
 We'll joy in tribulation.
 The noisy scene comes on again,
 The shouting trump is sounded :
 We find at length, we're gaining strength,
 Our foes will be confounded.
-

SONG 96.

1. IN vain my fancy strives to paint
 The moment after death,
 The glories that surround the saints,
 When yielding up their breath.
2. One gentle sigh their fetters breaks ;
 We scarce can say, "They're gone !"
 Before the willing spirit takes
 Her mansion near the throne.
3. Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
 To trace her in her flight ;
 No eye can pierce within the veil
 That hides that world of light.

4. Thus much, (and this is all,) we know,
They are completely blest ;
Have done with sin, and care, and wo,
And with their Saviour rest.
 5. On harps of gold they praise his name,
His face they always view ;
Then let us followers be of them,
That we may praise him too.
 6. Their faith and patience, love and zeal,
Should make their memory dear ;
And, Lord, do thou the prayers fulfil
They offered for us here !
 7. While they have gained we losers are,
We miss them day by day ;
But thou canst every breach repair,
And wipe our tears away.
 8. We pray, as in Elisha's case,
When great Elijah went,
May double portions of thy grace,
To us who stay, be sent.
-

SONG 97.

1. My soul, come, meditate the day,
When Zion's light shall come ;
When you shall hear your Saviour say,
" O ! come, ye exiles home."

2. Ten thousand chariots in a cloud,
King Jesus leads the way ;
Attending angels round him crowd :
It is the judgment day.
3. The seven trumpets loudly roar,
And shake the earth and sky ;
The ocean left each frightened shore ;
Behold the sea is dry.
4. The constellations once so bright,
The sun and moon likewise
Have now forgot to give their light ;
The dead begin to rise.
5. My God, my God, what do I see ?
From pole to pole around,
The opening of eternity,
A space that hath no bound.
6. The great white throne doth now appear ;
Behold the Judge is come ;
This is the awful day and year,
When all must hear their doom.
7. Before the throne a sea of glass
Where all his saints must stand !
Methinks I see the Judge's face,
And hear the dread command.
8. Ye fallen angels first draw near,
Who first provoked my ire !
My weighty vengeance you shall bear,
In everlasting fire.
9. Methinks I see an awful band,
Of Adam's fallen race ;
Poor wretches, now compelled to stand
Before their judge's face.

10. Ye drunkards, swearers, liars too,
Who once despised my love ;
Ye unbelieving prayerless crew,
My utmost wrath shall prove.
 11. Four beasts, and elders twenty-four,
Fall down before the throne ;
The last tremendous trumpets roar,
The heralds cry, "'tis done."
-

SONG 98.

1. BEHOLD that great and awful day
Of parting soon will come,
When sinners must be hurled away,
And christians gathered home.
2. Perhaps the parent sees the child
Sink down to endless flames,
With howls and shrieks and bitter cries,
Never to rise again.
3. Sinners with Dives for water cry,
And gnaw their tongues in pain ;
They gnash their teeth and parch and fry,
And wring their hands in vain.
4. Now hail ! all hail ! you frightful ghosts,,
With whom I once did dwell,
And spent my days in frantic mirth,,
And danced my soul to hell.
5. You once did draw me into sin,
To dance and sport and please ;
With devils now you must combine,,
My torments to increase.

6. O ! father see my blazing hands !
Mother, behold your child !
Against you now a witness stands,
Amidst the flames confined !
7. The child perhaps the parents view
Go headlong down to hell ;
Depart with all the hellish crew,
And bid the child farewell.
8. The sister may her brother see,
For whom she cried and prayed,
Sink down to endless misery :
Alas ! my brother's dead.
9. The husband sees his piteous wife,
With whom he once did dwell,
Depart with groans and bitter cries,
My husband fare you well.
10. But O ! perhaps the wife may see
The man she once did love,
Sink down to endless misery,
While she is crowned above.
11. Then shall the saints through grace divine,
Drink in eternal love ;
In Jesus' image there to shine,
And reign with him above.
12. O ! how it melts my soul to think
Of meeting round the throne,
Eternal joys we then shall drink
Where sorrows never come.
13. Their tears shall all be wiped away,
And glory will begin ;
The lamb of God will smiling say,
Come in, my friends, come in.

14. Here is a crown laid up for you,
Come, wear it as your due ;
Here's glories, 'glories ever new,
Christ purchased them for you.
-

SONG 99.

1. THE gospel sun is mounted high,
His fiery chariot in the sky ;
The wheels as streams of lightning roll,
And spread the light from pole to pole.
2. Those four have each their faces four,
Their wings as many waters roar ;
They haste to sweep their ample round,
The resurrection trump to sound.
3. The man upon the mountain stands,
And spreads abroad his bleeding hands ;
He turns his father's wrath away ;
O ! hear him for his murderers pray,
4. Behold the lion clothed in blood,
Prevailed to read the book of God ;
And has the keys of death and Hell,
His name is king Immanuel.
5. The ox inured to bear the load,
Stands and endures the wrath of God ;
He was upon the altar slain,
To save us from eternal pain.
6. The flying eagle spreads his wings,
And represents the King of Kings ;

And has in heaven prepared a nest,
For all his little ones to rest.

7. He has descended from the sky,
To teach us mortals how to fly;
The eyes of faith the wings of love,
The gales of mercy to improve.

SONG 100.

1. WHAT does the beast to us declare,
Who does in human form appear?
The wisdom of the infinite
Who changes darkness into light.
2. The mystery farther to unfold,
What indicates the lion bold?
The justice of Almighty God,
That roars aloud for sinners' blood.
3. What can be learned by the ox,
Whose dying groans did rend the rocks?
He does the love of God pourtray,
For he became the lion's prey.
4. Speak, mighty eagle, tell us why,
You left your nest above the sky?
I did descend the starry road,
To shew the power of a God.

5. God's wisdom through the man we see,
When he was groaning on the tree ;
The lion, justice satisfied,
When lo ! the ox for sinners died,
6. The power of sin, nor death nor hell,
Could hold the prince Immanuel ;
He flew aloft with eagle's wings,
And took his throne, the King of kings,
7. He reigns unrivalled on his throne,
His name is High and Lofty One ;
Ten thousand times ten thousand sing,
The victories of their matchless King.
8. Bright Prince of Light, Almighty God,
Who rules all nations with a rod ;
Those who refuse thy love to feel,
Shall sink by vengeance down to hell.

SONG 101.

1. HAIL wisdom, glorious attribute,
Exalts the man above the brute ;
This attribute was well displayed,
When earth's foundation first was laid.
2. Justice with wisdom doth combine,
And both with equal lustre shine ;
Two glorious lights upon the road,
Directing pilgrims home to God,

3. O! love, thou darling in the train,
Through thee I view my Saviour slain;
Poor sinners weltering in their blood,
By thee are made the sons of God.
4. Hail power, great tremendous name,
The flaming angels shout thy fame;
By thee this world its form assumed,
By thee this world shall be consumed.
5. Bright wisdom, justice, love and power,
Were seen in Jesus' dying hour;
His wisdom plainly was displayed,
When he did bruise the serpent's head.
6. Justice and love, at once appear,
From bursting veins and flowing tears;
His power appears to us as well,
In conquering all the hosts of hell.
7. Hail him, ye lovely saints of his;
You now may drink peculiar bliss:
The fountain runs both deep and wide,
Proceeding from your Saviour's side.
8. O! may we lie beneath this cross,
And count all earthly things but dross;
Meanwhile the balmy stream drink in,
Which purifies us from all sin.
9. And when we leave this earthly clod,
We'll reign in heaven with our God;
And as eternal ages pass,
We'll drink and sing, and shout free grace.

SONG 102.

1. METHINKS I see the chariots fly,
Drawn by four beasts around the sky ;
Their constant cry is come and see
And hasten to the Jubilee.
2. The man, the gospel trumpet blows,
The lion roars, the ox loud lows,
The eagle spreads his wings abroad,
And bears them on the gospel road.
3. So must the man that's sent to preach
The gospel word, and men to teach ;
Although he's but a feeble man,
He must those mysteries contain.
4. Wise as a serpent he must be,
Preach wisdom in a mystery ;
God's utmost council to unfold,
Undaunted as the lion bold.
5. As patient oxen on the road,
He wears the yoke and bears the load ;
Through persecution like a flood,
Goes lowing with the ark of God.
6. He still looks on with eagle's eyes,
With eagle's wings he mounts the skies,
And traces oft the airy road,
And then converses with his God.
7. When he's commanded to the sky,
He then shall lay his armour by,
And for the cross receive a crown,
And reign with Jesus on a throne.
8. God will reward his labors then,
When he beholds the souls of men,

Whom he, through a Redeemer's blood,
Has brought to know a pardoning God.

9. They then shall with him join to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace ;
And through eternal ages tell,
'Twas Jesus saved their souls from hell.
-

SONG 103.

1. COME, all my dear brethren, draw near,
And hearken to my sad complaint ;
My burthen's too heavy to bear ;
And my soul is ready to faint.
Some pity I pray show to me,
Who's burthened with sorrow and fear,
And cause those foul spirits to flee,
That sink my poor soul in despair.
2. My body's tormented with pain,
My misery my tongue cannot tell ;
I cannot much longer sustain,
The burthen will sink me to hell.
Help, help, by your prayers or I'm gone,
If pity you have in your breast ;
My hell in this world is begun,
I am with foul spirits possessed.
3. That God that I once feared and loved,
And walked with from morning till night,
Though often in darkness I roved,
His spirit still brought me to light.

But now I that spirit have grieved,
 And fear it no more will return ;
 And am of all comfort bereaved,
 And shortly in hell I must burn.

4. Oft times with this tormenting thought,
 The devil distressed my mind,
 That many before you have sought,
 But mercy they never could find.
 The day of God's grace now is o'er,
 With you 'tis forever too late ;
 And Jesus will hear you no more :
 The bottomless pit is your fate.

5. I wander to and fro all alone,
 Quite abandon myself to despair ;
 All sparks of kind hope now are gone,
 Expecting God's vengeance to bear ;
 When the sun disappears in the west,
 The earth all enveloped in gloom ;
 The hour for mortals to rest,
 But still I continue to roam.

6. I envy the birds of the air,
 Whom nature has clothed so gay ;
 Who free from all sorrow and care,
 But cheerfully sing from each spray.
 Through a chaos of darkness I range
 The woodland, the valley and plain ;
 To friends and acquaintance I'm strange,
 No hope to enjoy them again.

7. They oft times advise me in vain ;
 Their counsels I cannot endure ;
 And preaching to me is a pain ;
 My wound seems too deep for a cure.
 Two years in this dungeon I've lain,
 No visible hope of relief ;

My prayers and my tears are in vain,
My flesh is consumed with grief.

8. The world looks with wonder to see,
A wretch so forsaken, forlorn ;
There are none appear wretched as me-
I wish that I'd never been born.
He hedges my way up with stone ;
When I cry he will shut out my prayer ;
Unpitied, unnoticed I groan,
Imprisoned in gloomy despair.

9. My health, strength and prospects are lost,
My soul is forever undone ;
Inured to cold rains, snow and frost,
Or scorched by the rays of the sun.
Farewell to my past hopes of heaven,
Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell,
I must die with my sins unforgiven,
And take up my dwelling in hell.

10. If yet there was mercy for me ;
If yet there might pardon be found ;
If God has not fixed the decree,
There might be a cure for my wound.
As hell is my portion I yield,
Resolving no longer to pray ;
No longer range forest nor field,
But wait till death takes me away.

11. Thus prayerless some months I remained,
Resigned to my dreadful fate ;
Till my bodily health I regained,
But my soul in the same wretched state.
One night there appeared in a dream,
A great congregation to me ;
And while they were praising God's name,
I thought that my soul was set free.

12. Soon after, persuaded, I went
 Where thousands of souls did appear;
 Who came as appeared, with intent,
 The glorious gospel to hear.
 The watchmen were crying aloud,
 And giving the trumpet's alarm;
 I anxiously pressed through the crowd,
 My soul seemed impelled with the charm.
13. My dungeon beginning to shake,
 Grace pouring amain from the sky;
 The powers of hell were drove back,
 I felt the unspeakable joy;
 I leaped, and I shouted and cried,
 Salvation to God and the Lamb,
 I felt the atonement applied,
 The spirit attested the same.
-

SONG 104.

1. MY loving fellow travellers,
 Who are for Canaan bound:
 Let's raise a song for Jesus,
 Make hills and vallies sound;
 Though troubles do beset us,
 While in this barren place,
 Yet Jesus will be with us,
 And keep us by his grace.
2. Though infernal spirits tempt us,
 Our souls they would beguile;
 And worldlings persecute us,
 At us they laugh and smile.

The world would fain allure us,
 And bring us into thrall ;
 But glory be to Jesus !
 Through him we'll conquer all.

3. Since we are so surrounded,
 Our numbers are so few,
 Let us unite the closer,
 To Jesus still prove true :
 The wolf can never harm us,
 While in our shepherd's care ;
 But if we once be parted,
 The wolf will soon appear.

4. By love unto each other,
 And to our brethren dear,
 Let's strengthen one another,
 And feel each other's care.
 Press forward on our journey ;
 Keep Zion still in view ;
 In spite of all opposers
 The Lord will bring us through.

5. The faithful do experience
 And that from day to day,
 That Jesus is sufficient
 For all that watch and pray.
 Ye faithful pilgrims trust him ;
 He'll keep you to the end :
 Though men and devils tempt you,
 Still Jesus is you friend.

6. Jesus beholds from heaven
 Your labors and your pains ;
 Press on, ye valiant soldiers,
 The prize you soon shall gain.
 Jesus is now in glory,
 His children there we'll meet :

We shall know one another ;
Our joys will be complete.

7. Our warfare is nearer over,
Than when we last did meet,
Who next shall leave the army
To walk the golden streets ?
No matter which, my brethren,
Since Jesus gives the call ;
If I'm the next poor pilgrim,
With Christ I'll leave you all.
8. Come, let us sing his praises,
Lest we should meet no more,
Till Jesus lands his army
On that delightful shore !
Sing glory, Hallelujah ;
Sweet Jesus, quickly come !
Prepare us for thy kingdom,
And call thy servants home !

SONG 105.

1. O ! happy souls, how fast ye go,
And leave me here behind ;
Don't stop for me,
For now I see.
The Lord is just and kind.
Go on, go on, my soul says go,
And I'll come after you ;
Though I'm behind,
Yet I can find,
And sing hosannas too.

2. God give you strength that you may pray,
And keep your footsteps right ;
 Though fast you go,
 And I so slow,
 You are not out of sight.
When you get to the world above,
And all the glory see ;
 When you get home,
 Your journey's done,
 Then look you out for me.
 3. For I will come fast as I can,
Along that way I steer ;
 Lord give me strength,
 That I at length,
 Be one among you there.
There altogether we shall be,
Together we shall sing,
 Together we,
 Shall praise our God
 And everlasting King.
-

SONG 106.

1. LET sinners toil with ceaseless pain,
 To heap up earthly treasure ;
The christian strives of grace to gain,
 Each day a fuller measure.
On earth the Pilgrim has no home ;
 His work is toil and danger ;
But glory is his constant aim,
 Though here he's but a stranger.

2. Though from his home, his God is nigh,
His smile new hope still raises ;
He travels into worlds above,
To join the Saints in praises.
Though foes unite, and he is frail,
Beset around with danger ;
His guard and guide now reigns on high,
And will not leave the stranger.
3. The holy men of ages past,
Had here no place of resting ;
When foes without and fears within,
Were still their peace molesting.
They viewed themselves but pilgrims here,
Exposed each hour to danger ;
They always sought their home above,
And lived on earth as strangers.
4. Cast out and poor, was Jesus sold !
So reads the mournful story ;
Though friendless then, exalted now,
He is the Lord of glory.
No longer then let christians grieve,
To meet with toil and danger,
Since these befell the Lord of All,
While in this world a stranger.
5. Sometimes a sigh his peace disturbs,
When in the way he's weary ;
When sorrows press, and strength is faint,
And all around looks dreary.
To Jesus then he turns his eye,
And views him in a manger !
His sighs are hushed ! he's willing now,
On earth to be a stranger !
6. As pilgrims then, let's journey on,
Nor murmur when we suffer ;

We'll go the way the prophets went
 Although it were much rougher !
 The thorny road will lead us home,
 When freed from sins and danger ;
 We'll bless our God in ceaseless songs,
 But then we'll not be strangers !

SONG 107.

1. ENLISTED in the cause of sin,
 Why should a good be evil ?
 Music, alas ! too long has been
 Pressed to obey the devil !
 Drunken, or lewd, or light, the lay
 Flows to the soul's undoing,
 Widens and strews with flowers the way
 Down to eternal ruin.
2. Who on the part of God will rise !
 Innocent mirth recover :
 Fly on the prey and take the prize ;
 Plunder the carnal lover ?
 Strip him of every moving strain,
 Of every melting measure ;
 Music in virtue's cause retain,
 Rescue the holy pleasure ?
3. Come, let us try if Jesus' love,
 Cannot as well inspire us :
 This is the theme of those above ;
 This upon earth will fire us.

Try if your hearts are tuned to sing !
 Is there a subject greater ?
 Melody all its strains may bring ;
 Jesus' love is sweeter.

4. Jesus the soul of music is ;
 He is the noblest passion ;
 Jesus' name is life and peace,
 Happiness and salvation ;
 Jesus' name the dead can raise,
 Shew us our sins forgiven,
 Fill us with all the life of grace,
 And carry us to heaven.

5. Who hath a right like us to sing,
 Us who his mercy raises ?
 Merry our hearts, for Christ is king ;
 Joyful are all our faces.
 Who of his love doth once partake,
 He in the Lord rejoices ;
 Melody in our hearts we make,
 Melody with our voices.

6. He that a sprinkled conscience hath,
 He that in God is merry ;
 Let him sing psalms, the scriptures saith,
 Joyful and never weary ;
 Offer the sacrifice of praise
 Hearty and never ceasing ;
 Spiritual Songs and Anthems raise,
 Worship and thanks and blessing.

7. Come, let us in his praises join,
 Triumph in his salvation ;
 Glory ascribe to love divine,
 Worship and adoration ;
 Heaven already is begun
 Opened in each believer ;

Only believe and then sing on,
And heaven is yours forever.

SONG 108.

1. What sound is this salutes mine ear?
Methinks it's Jubil's trump I hear,
Long looked for now is come—
It shakes the heavens, earth and sea,
Proclaims the year of Jubilee;
Return ye exiles home.
2. Behold the new Jerusalem
Illuminated by the Lamb,
In glory doth appear—
Fair Zion rising from the tombs,
To meet the bridegroom now he comes,
And hails the Jubile year.
3. King Jesus takes her in his arms;
Transported with his lovely charms,
She thus begins to sing—
"The howling winter's gone and past,
The smiling season's come at last;
Behold the rosy spring."
4. As lark and linnet gladly sing,
While hills and valleys round them ring,
'Scaped from the fowler's snare;
One thousand years she here shall dwell,
And sing while Satan's chained in hell,
Which ends the Jubile year.

5. The dragon is let loose once more ;
All round the earth his trumpets roar,
And is for war again—
But he that sits upon the throne,
Drives Satan and his armies down
To plow the fiery main,
6. The seventh trumpet we shall hear ;
The great white throne shall then appear,
Ten thousand angels round.
Jehovah turns the moon to blood,
Blows out the sun, consumes the flood,
And burns the solid ground.
7. Arise, ye nations and come forth,
From east and west, from south and north,
Behold the Judge is come.
What horror strikes each guilty breast,
Compelled to stand the solemn test,
And hear their final doom,
8. Depart, ye cursed, down to hell,
With howling fiends forever dwell,
No more to see my face.
My gospel calls you have withstood,
And trampled on my precious blood,
And laughed at offered grace.
9. See parents and their children part,
Some shout for joy, some bleed in heart,
Never to meet again.
In fiery chariots Zion flies,
And quickly gains the upper skies,
On Canaan's dazzling plain.
10. My soul is struggling to be there ; —
I long to rise and wing the air,
To trace the heavenly road,

Adieu, adieu all earthly things :
 O! that I had some angel's wings,
 I'd quickly see my God.

SONG 109.

1. THAT glorious day is drawing nigh,
 When Zion's light shall come ;
 She shall arise and shine on high,
 Bright as the rising sun :
 The north and south their songs resign,
 And earth's foundation bend,
 Adorned as a bride Jerusalem
 All glorious shall descend.

2. The king who wears the golden crown,
 The azure flaming bow,
 The holy city shall bring down,
 To bless the church below.
 When Zion's bleeding conquering King,
 Shall sin and death destroy,
 The morning stars shall together sing,
 And Zion shout for joy.

3. The holy bright musician band,
 Who sing on harps of gold,
 Just by the course along they stand,
 Their gentle numbers roll ;
 Descending with such melting strains,
 Jehovah they adore ;
 Such shouts through earth's extensive plains,
 Were never heard before.

4. Let Satan rage and boast no more,
 Nor think his reign is long;
 Though saints are feeble, weak and poor,
 Their great Redeemer's strong;
 In storms he is our hiding place,
 A covert from the wind;
 A stream from the rock in the wilderness
 Runs through this weary land.

5. This crystal stream runs down from Heaven,
 It issues from the throne;
 The floods of strife away are driven;
 The church becomes but one:
 That peaceful union she shall know,
 And live upon his love;
 And shout and sing of his name below,
 As angels do above.

6. A thousand years shall roll around;
 The church shall be complete;
 Called by the glorious trumpet's sound,
 Their Saviour they shall meet;
 They rise with joy and mount on high;
 They fly to Jesus' arms;
 And gaze with wonder and delight
 On their beloved's charms.

7. Like apples fair, his beauties are,
 To feed and cheer the mind;
 No earthly fruit doth so recruit,
 Nor flagons full of wine.
 Their troubles o'er, they'll grieve no more,
 But sing in strains of joy;
 In raptures sweet, and bliss complete,
 They'll feast and never cloy.

SONG 110.

1. HOW happy every child of grace,
 The soul that's filled with joy and peace,
 That bears the fruits of righteousness,
 And kept by Jesus' power,
 Their trespasses are all forgiven,
 They antedate the joys of heaven,
 In rapturous lays, shout the praise,
 Of Jesus' grace to a lost race,
 Of sinners brought to happiness,
 Through the atoning blood of Jesus.
2. Satan may tempt and hell may rage,
 And all the powers of earth besiege—
 Their united strength may engage
 To pluck a soul from Jesus.
 The faithful soul laughs them to scorn ;
 He's heaven bound, he's heaven born,
 He'll watch and pray, night and day,
 Fight his way, win the day,
 And all his enemies dismay
 Through the mighty name of Jesus.
3. Q! monster death, thy sting is drawn ;
 O! boasting grave, no trophies won :
 The saints triumph through grace alone,
 To praise the name of Jesus.
 At length he bids the world adieu,
 With all its vanity and shew—
 The soul does fly through the skies,
 To paradise, and joins its voice,
 In rapturous lays of love to praise
 The glorious name of Jesus.
4. When Gabriel's awful trump shall sound,
 And round the rocks convulse the ground,
 And swear that time is at an end,
 Ye dead arise to judgment.

See lightnings flash, and thunders roll.
 The earth wrapt like a parchment scroll,
 Comets blaze, sinners raise,
 Dread amaze, and horrors seize,
 The guilty sons of Adam's race,
 Unsav'd from sin by Jesus.

5. The christian fill'd with rapturous joy,
 'Midst flaming worlds he mounts on high,
 To meet his Saviour in the sky,
 And see the face of Jesus.
 Then soul and body re-unite,
 And fill'd with glory infinite,
 Blessed day, Christians say,
 Will you pray, that we may
 All join that happy company
 To praise the name of Jesus.

SONG 111.

1. YE saints of God, come hear me tell,
 The wonders of Immanuel,
 How he doth send his truth abroad,
 To bring lost sinners home to God.
 He sends his word of power divine,
 And searches out the inmost mind;
 Exposes sin most clear to view,
 And tells the sinner what to do;
 Namely, repent and turn to God,
 And thereby shun his vengeful rod.

2. I was much plagued with outward sin,
But more with that which dwelt within,
Which always barred my Saviour out,
And kept me in distress and doubt ;
But all my fears are driven away
By the pure light of gospel day ;
It shines so clear, I must believe
That I do in my Saviour live
A life of love, a heaven below :
I've not a doubt, I feel it so.

3. Come, brethren, and rejoice with me,
For Jesus Christ has made me free
From that which did defile my heart,
And made me from my God depart.
When I by faith embraced him,
He filled my soul up to the brim
With streams of joy and love divine,
Which proves the promises are mine ;
What holy joy, what heavenly bliss,
To feast upon the promises.

4. If more you wish to know of me,
I'm happy now and hope to be,
While I do in this flesh remain,
Till I return to God again ;
For I do feel his love most sweet,
While I, like Mary, at his feet
Do claim a portion of his love,
Which lifts me up to things above ;
How good it is, how sweet to me ;
O! that mankind would all be free.

5. How grateful then ought I to prove,
For the sweet tokens of his love,
Which cheer my heart and make me bold,
And stamp his image on my soul ;
A debtor, Lord, I sure must be
To him whose power has saved me ;

A life of love he hath bestowed,
Which stays my mind on him, my God ;
And what doth much increase my store,
Whene'er I ask he gives me more.

6. Come, brethren dear, whose joys abound,
To hear the glorious gospel sound ;
Cheer up your hearts, in faith believe,
And glory soon you shall receive:
Although your race is not yet run,
You feel that heaven is now begun ;
Then let us raise a holy song, -
And praise him as we pass along
To joys above where we shall be
Happy through all eternity.

7. We're happy now while here we stay,
When Jesus meets us on the way,
And pours celestial blessings down,
And sheds his glory all around ;
But what is that to heaven above,
When we shall shout redeeming love,
And see the happy millions there,
Who bore the cross and suffered here ?
The kingdom then we shall obtain,
And shouting there for ever reign.

SONG 112.

I. MY brethren, I have found
A land that doth abound
With food as sweet as manna ;

The more I eat, I find
The more I am inclined
To sing and shout hosanna.

CHORUS.—My soul doth long to go
Where it shall fully know
The beauties of my Saviour ;
And as I pass along,
I'll sing a christian song,
I hope to live forever.

2. What must this fountain be,
From which grace flows so free ?
It yields both peace and pleasure ;
Not all terrestrial bliss,
Could ever equal this,
A foretaste of my Saviour.

CHORUS.—My soul, &c.

3. Perhaps you think I'm wild,
And simple as a child,—
I am a child of glory ;
My joy is from above,
My heart is filled with love,
I long to tell the story.

CHORUS.—My soul, &c.

4. My brother, can you say,
That you are on your way,—
Are on your way to glory ?
I care not for your name,
Religion is the same,—
Come, tell the pleasing story.

CHORUS.—My soul, &c.

5. My soul doth sit and sing,
And practises her wings,
And contemplates the hour,

When the messenger shall say,
Come quit this house of clay,
And with bright angels tower.

CHORUS.—My soul, &c.

SONG 113.

1. LO, the light of heavenly glory
Dawns already on my soul ;
Sinners hear the wond'rous story,
Waves of bliss do o'er me roll.

CHORUS.—Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hark, I hear the harpers sing—
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Sounds from every golden string.

2. Lo, they draw my spirit onward,
To that bright and happy shore ;
Where arrived, no pain or anguish
Shall disturb its quiet more.

CHORUS.—Hallelujah, &c.

3. Hallelujah, earth re-echoes,
Hallelujah to the Lamb ;
Who, to save a world from dying,
From those blissful regions came.

CHORUS.—Hallelujah, &c.

4. Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Sinners, ye his praise may sing,—
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah to our King.

CHORUS.—Hallelujah, &c.

5. Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
 Swell, O, swell the mighty strain,—
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
 Christ our King shall ever reign.
 CHORUS.—Hallelujah, &c.
-

SONG 114.

1. HEAR the royal proclamation,
 The glad tidings of salvation ;
 Published now to every creature,
 To the ruined sons of nature.
 CHORUS.—Lo ! he reigns, he reigns victorious ;
 Over heaven and earth, most glorious
 Jesus reigns.
2. See the royal banner flying,
 Hear the heralds loudly crying,
 “ Rebel sinners, royal favor
 Now is offered by the Saviour.”
 CHORUS.—Lo ! he reigns, &c.
3. Ho ! ye sons of wrath and ruin,
 Who have wrought your own undoing,
 Here are life and free salvation,
 Offered to the whole creation.
 CHORUS.—Lo ! he reigns, &c.
4. Here are wine, and milk and honey,
 Come and purchase without money ;
 Mercy like a flowing fountain,
 Streaming from the holy mountain.
 CHORUS.—Lo ! he reigns, &c.

5. For this love let rocks and mountains,
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunder, lightning blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises.

CHORUS.—Lo ! he reigns, &c.

SONG 115.

1. WHEN I first parted away from you,
In grief and wo and sorrow too,
You gave to me the parting hand,
And wished me safe to Cumberland.
2. Then we did on our journey steer,
O'er mountains high, and rivers clear,
Through desert wild, and barren land,
We steered our course to Cumberland.
3. When we were on the ice and snow,
It rained, it hailed, the wind did blow,
And some of us did mourn and cry,
"It is so cold we all shall die,"
4. But, bless the Lord relief was found,
We all are landed safe and sound ;
A tedious voyage, yet fertile soil ;
Here's corn and wine, and milk and oil.
5. My friends behind I'd like to see,
If from this task I could get free,
But I must preach and may it be
To Indian tribes on the Tennessee.

6. I've one more line to write to you,
Religion's dull and preachers few,
But we're in peace and like to be,
With Indian tribes on the Tennessee.

7. Now if on earth we meet no more,
O! may we meet on Canaan's shore,
Where we will shout and happy be,
With Indian tribes of the Tennessee.

SONG 116.

1. **FIRM** built is the ship, we have ventured on
board,

O glory, hallelujah!
She is the old ship Zion, hallelujah.

2. Her sails are all spread, and her banners wave
high,

O glory, hallelujah!
She is bound for the kingdom, Hallelujah!

3. Say who is your captain, and what is his name?

O glory, hallelujah!
King Jesus is our captain, hallelujah!

4. What kind of men have you got on board?

O glory, hallelujah!
Their souls are converted, hallelujah!

5. And will you not fear, when the ocean waves
 roar?

 O glory, hallelujah !
 Our captain rules the ocean, hallelujah !

6. But the storm clouds will gather, and the fierce
 winds rage,

 O glory, hallelujah !
 Both wind and waves obey him, hallelujah !

7. Come venture along to the haven of rest,

 O glory, hallelujah !
 Let us all go together, hallelujah !

8. But may we fear, that her strength will soon
 fail?

 O glory, hallelujah !
 She is built of gospel timber, hallelujah !

9. She has landed millions safe, and can land mill-
 ions more,

 O glory, hallelujah !
 Come on you are welcome, hallelujah !

10. Here is passage, provision and all free grace,

 O glory, hallelujah !
 Your berths are all ready, hallelujah !

11. What will the christians do when the Judge is
 come ?

 O glory, hallelujah !
 They'll go shouting home to glory, hallelujah !

12. What will the sinners do, when the Judge is
 come ?

 O glory, hallelujah !
 They will cry for rocks and mountains hallelujah !

13. Come along, come along, and get on board,
O glory, hallelujah !
We are sailing for the harbor, hallelujah !
 14. When the vessel begins to heave in view,
O glory, hallelujah !
We will all raise the shout, hallelujah !
O glory, hallelujah !
Crying, Jesus take the vessel, hallelujah !
 15. We'll see king Jesus coming in the clouds,
O glory, hallelujah !
And Gabriel just behind him, hallelujah !
 16. One foot upon the sea, and the other on the
land,
O glory, hallelujah !
Crying time shall be no longer, hallelujah !
-

SONG 117.

1. THERE is a place where my hopes are stayed,
My heart and my treasure are there ;
Where verdure and blossoms never fade,
And fields are eternally fair.

CHORUS.—That blissful place is my father-land ;
By faith its delights I explore :
Come hasten my flight, angelic band :
And waft me in peace to the shore.

2. There is a place where the angels dwell,
 A pure and a peaceful abode ;
 The joys of that place no tongue can tell—
 But there is the palace of God !

CHORUS.—That blissful, &c.

3. There is a place where my friends are gone,
 Who suffered and worshipped with me ;
 Exalted with Christ, high on his throne,
 The King in his beauty they see.

CHORUS.—That blissful, &c.

4. There is a place where I hope to live,
 When life and its labors are o'er ;
 A place which the Lord to me will give,
 And then I shall sorrow no more.

CHORUS.—That blissful, &c.

SONG 118.

1. TO leave my dear friends and with neighbors
 to part,
 And to go from my home, affects not my heart,
 Like thoughts of absenting myself for a day,
 From that blessed retreat where I've chosen to
 pray.

Where I've chosen to pray.

2. Sweet bower where the pine and the poplar
 were spread,
 And wove, with their branches, a roof o'er my
 head :
 How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,
 And poured out my soul to my Saviour in
 prayer.

To my Saviour in prayer.

3. How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed with
 the pine,
 The ivy, the olive, the wild eglantine ;
 Yet sweeter, O sweeter, superlative were
 The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer—
 In answer to prayer.

4. 'Twas under the covert of that blessed grove
 That Jesus was pleased my guilt to remove ;
 Presenting himself as the only true way
 Of life and salvation, and taught me to pray—
 And taught me to pray.

5. The early shrill notes of the loved nightingale,
 That dwelt in my bower, I observed as my bell
 To call me to duty ; and birds of the air
 Sang anthems of praises, as I went to prayer—
 As I went to prayer.

6. And Jesus my Saviour oft deigned there to
 meet,
 And bless with his presence my lonely retreat ;
 Oft filled me with rapture and peacefulness
 there
 Inditing in heaven's own language my prayer.
 Own language my prayer.

7. Dear bower I must leave you, and bid you
 adieu,
 And pay my devotion in parts which are new ;

Well knowing my Saviour is found every where
 And can, in all places, give answer to prayer—
 Give answer to prayer.

8. Although I may never revisit thy shade,
 Yet oft shall I think on the vows I there made,
 And when at a distance, my thoughts shall re-
 pair
 To the place where my Saviour first answered
 my prayer—
 First answered my prayer.

9. My blessed Redeemer, my hope and my all,
 Will guide and direct me when on him I call ;
 And when I am dying, he'll be with me there,
 And take me to heaven in answer to prayer—
 In answer to prayer.

SONG 119.

1. DROOPING souls no longer grieve,
 Heaven is propitious ;
 If in Jesus you believe ;
 You will find him precious..
 Lo! he now is passing by,
 Calls the mourners to him ;
 He has died for you and me,
 O! look up and view him.
2. From his hands, his feet his side,
 Flows a healing lotion ;
 See the heart-consoling tide,
 Boundless as the ocean.

See the living waters move,
 For the sick and dying ;
 Now resolve to gain his love,
 Or to perish trying.

3. Grace's store is always free,
 Drooping souls to gladden ;
 Jesus calls, " Come unto me,
 Weary, heavy laden ;
 Though your sins like mountains rise,
 Rise and reach to heaven ;
 Soon as you on him rely,
 All shall be forgiven."

4. Now methinks I hear one say,
 I will go and prove him ;
 If he takes my sins away,
 Surely I shall love him ;
 Yes, I see the Father smile,
 Smiling moves my burden ;
 All is grace, for I am vile,
 Yet he seals my pardon.

5. Streaming mercy, how it flows,
 Now I know I feel it ;
 Half has never yet been told,
 Yet I want to tell it.
 Jesus' blood has healed my wounds,
 O! the wondrous story ;
 I was lost but now am found,
 Glory ! glory ! glory !

6. Glory to my Saviour's name,
 Saints are bound to love him ;
 Mourners you may do the same,
 Only come and prove him ;
 Hasten to the Saviour's blood,
 Feel it and declare it ;

O! that I could sing so loud
All the world might hear it.

7. If no greater joys are known
In the upper region ;
I will try to travel on
In this pure religion.
Heaven's here, and heaven's there,
Glory's here and yonder ;
Brightest seraphs shout amen,
While the angels wonder.
-

SONG 120.

1. WHITHER goest thou pilgrim stranger,
Passing through this lonesome vale ?
Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail ?

CHORUS.—I'm bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me ?
Hallelujah ! praise ye the Lord !

2. Pilgrim thou dost justly call me,
Wandering o'er this waste so wide,
Yet no harm will e'er befall me,
While I'm blessed with such a guide.
CHORUS.—I'm bound, &c.

3. Such a guide !—no guide attends thee :
Hence, for thee my fears arise ;
If some guardian power befriends thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.
CHORUS.—I'm bound, &c.

4. Yes, unseen—but still, believe me,
 Such a guide my steps attends ;
 He'll in every strait relieve me,
 He from every harm defends.
 CHORUS.—I'm bound, &c.

5. Pilgrim ! see that stream before thee !
 Darkly winding through the vale,
 Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
 Would not then thy courage fail ?
 CHORUS.—I'm bound, &c.

6. No, that stream has nothing frightful,
 To its brink my steps I bend ;
 There to plunge will be delightful,
 There my pilgrimage will end.
 CHORUS.—I'm bound, &c.

7. While I gazed—with speed surprising
 Down the stream he plunged from sight :
 Gazing still I saw him rising,
 Like an angel clothed with light.
 CHORUS.—Oh, he's gone to the kingdom,
 Will you follow him to glory ?
 Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord !
-

SONG 121.

1. COME, my brethren, let us try,
 For a little season,
 Every burden to lay by,
 Come and let us reason.

What is this that casts you down ?
 Who are those that grieve you ;
 Speak, and let the worst be known,
 Speaking may relieve you.

2. Christ, by faith, I sometimes see,
 Then it doth relieve me ;
 But my sins return again,
 They are they that grieve me ;
 Troubled like the restless sea,
 Feeble, faint and fearful,
 Plagued by sin, a sore disease,
 How can I be cheerful ?
3. Think on what your Saviour bore
 In the gloomy garden,
 Sweating blood from every pore,
 To procure your pardon.
 See him stretched upon the wood,
 Bleeding, thirsting, crying,
 Suffering all the wrath of God,
 Groaning, gasping, dying.

SONG 122.

1. AND am I blest with Jesus' love ?
 And shall I dwell with him above ?
 And will the joyful period come
 When I shall call the heavens my home ?
2. Think, O my soul, what it must be
 A world of glorious minds to see ;
 Drink at the fountain head of peace,
 And bathe in everlasting bliss.

3. To hear them all at once proclaim,
Eternal glories to the Lamb;
And join with joyful heart and tongue,
That new, that never ending song.
 4. And does the happy hour draw near,
When Christ will in the clouds appear;
And I without a veil shall see
The Man, the God that bled for me?
 5. If in my soul such joy abounds,
While weeping faith explores his wounds,
How glorious will those scars appear,
When perfect bliss forbids a tear!
 6. Think, O my soul, if 'tis so sweet
On earth to sit at Jesus' feet;
What must it be to wear a crown,
And sit with Jesus on the throne?
-

SONG 123.

1. Blest be that voice, in accents clear;
That tells of mercy free;
And whispers in the willing ear,
Mourner, there's hope for thee.
2. Blest be that pure, that christian love,
That boundless charity;
That bears the olive, like the dove,
To mourning souls like thee.

3. Blest be those lips, in accents mild,
From sordid motives free,
That tell the spirit, though defiled,
Mourner, there's hope for thee.
 4. God of the just, O! lend thine ear,
And blessings rich decree,
On those who spread the tidings dear,
Mourner, there's hope for thee.
 5. And when in death's cold arms we rest,
O God! our hearts prepare,
To meet around thy dazzling throne;
There'll be no mourning there.
 6. No! bless the Lord, "no mourning there,"
In the bright world above;
But notes of joy forevermore
Shall tell of Jesus' love.
-

SONG 124.

1. I WOULD but cannot sing,
Guilt has untuned my voice—
The serpent Sin's envenomed sting,
Has poisoned all my joys.
2. I know the Lord is nigh—
And would, but cannot pray,
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my soul away.
3. I would but can't repent,
Though I endeavor oft;

This stony heart can ne'er relent
'Till Jesus makes it soft.

4. I would but cannot love,
Though woo'd by love divine;
No arguments have power to move
A soul so base as mine.

5. I would but cannot rest
In God's most holy will ;
I know what he appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still.

6. O could I but believe !
Then all would easy be,
I would, but cannot—Lord, relieve!
My help must come from thee.

7. But, if indeed I would,
Though I can nothing do,
Yet the desire is something good,
For which my praise is due.

8. Wilt thou not crown at length,
The work thou hast begun ?
And with a will afford me strength,
In all thy ways to run.

R

A COLLECTION OF CHOICE CHORUSES.

Brethren, march along, and you shall gain the
victory,
O march along, and you shall gain the day.

Crying victory, O victory, O victory over death,
Crying victory, O victory, I long to be at rest.

Good news is gone to Canaan,
Good news is gone to Canaan,
Good news is gone to Canaan,
I am on my way.

O Canaan, sweet Canaan, is a happy happy
place,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

O Canaan, sweet Canaan,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
Canaan is my happy home,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,

O won't you go along? we are pretty near
there;
We'll sing and we'll shout Hosanna :

And we'll walk around Jerusalem,
We'll walk around Jerusalem ;
We'll walk around Jerusalem,
When we arrive at home.

There's a better day, a better day a coming,
Hallelujah,
There's a better day a coming, Hallelujah.

A soldier for Jesus, I've listed in the war,
And I'll fight until I die.

Oh, that will be joyful,
Joyful, joyful, joyful,
Oh, that will be joyful,
To meet to part no more :
To meet to part no more,
On Canaan's peaceful shore :
There we shall meet, at Jesus' feet,
Shall meet to part no more.

O hinder me not, for I will serve the Lord,
And I'll praise him when I die.

I am bound to live in the service of the Lord,
I am bound to die in the army.

He has taken my feet from the mire and the clay,
And he's placed them on the Rock of ages.

For it wont be long, and it can't be long,
 O halle-hallelujah,
 Nor it wont be long, before Christ comes,
 To take his children home.

This is the hope, the christian's hope,
 The hope through Jesus given,
 The hope when days and years are past,
 We all shall meet in heaven.
 We all shall meet in heaven at last,
 We all shall meet in heaven,
 The hope when days and years are past
 We all shall meet in heaven.

O hail! O hail! I'm bound to join the union
 band,
 O hail! O hail! I'm bound for the throne.

O had I the wings of the morning, of the
 morning, of the morning,
 O had I the wings of the morning, I'd fly
 away to Jesus:
 Where the wicked cease from troubling, from
 troubling, from troubling;
 Where the wicked cease from troubling, and
 the weary are at rest.

For soon the reaping time will come,
 And angels shout the harvest home,

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